

Maryknoll



THE FIELD AFAR
JANUARY 1943

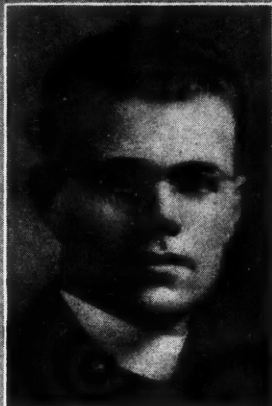


WHEN President Manuel L. Quezon attended Solemn Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, he was welcomed by Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, Military Delegate to the Armed Forces of the United States. Msgr. Flannelly, Administrator of the Cathedral, accompanied Madame Quezon. In a public statement, the President of the Philippine Islands declared:

"No disaster could be greater in my country than the loss of the religion which we embrace. The faith of my people shall never waver. In the bitterness of temporary servitude, they carry the Cross in their hearts."



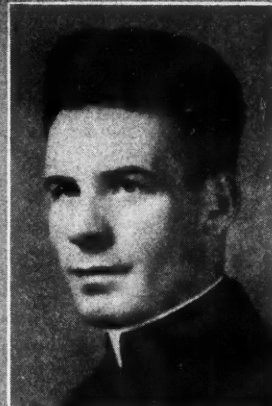
Bishop Donaghy, Wuchow



Father Gilloegly, Kweiping



Father Fowler, Bolivia



Father Edmonds, Taan Chuk

WAR ZONE NEWS

PILOTING THE PILOT

Who wouldn't be a pilot to a U. S. air pilot who had lost his way? Lieutenant Marks, of New Jersey, went bombing in Indo-China recently and, because he could find no better spot to land, dropped in the mud near the river bank at Wuchow when he ran out of gas. Imagine his surprise when he saw, among those who raced to help him, three young Americans—Fathers Sprinkle, Reilly, and Winkels of the local Maryknoll Mission! They helped him to take his plane apart and gave him royal hospitality. Then, because their guest knew no Chinese, Father Sprinkle accompanied him to the place where he was to make contact with his pals. Forty miles from Wuchow, the voyagers visited Father Dempsey from Peekskill. By this time, the pilot and the Maryknollers were old friends.

When Lieutenant Marks gets back to New Jersey, we shall look forward to a call from him at the Home Knoll. We shall have news for him of his American acquaintances, who, war or no war, will be at their posts in South China.

FAR EAST KNOLLERS

At this writing some 150 Maryknoll priests and Sisters are at work in South China, with increased opportunities to accomplish good among thousands of war refugees. The majority of the Mary-

knollers in Hong Kong are understood to have been permitted to go to our missions on the China mainland. Two, Fathers Meyer and Hessler, have elected to remain in camp to help the internees.

Our missionaries interned in Dairen and Mukden are reported to be listed for repatriation. The same is true of Father Byrne and the Maryknoll Sisters in Japan.

No word in months has been received from our group of priests in the Philippines.

NEW

MISSIONS

"It may appear a bit on the overly courageous side," says Bishop Donaghy of Wuchow, "to be accepting new territories while South China is engulfed in war, but I have taken responsibility for three more districts which hold bright prospects for future conversions."

MAIN

STREAM

A few weeks ago, Maryknoll's Father Gilloegly sat on his mission porch in South China at the close of day, and saw two hundred soldiers go by. One after another of them greeted the priest: "Good evening, Shen Fu!" "Good evening, Shen Fu!"

"I must investigate this," thought the Maryknoller in surprise. He discovered that, of the two hundred soldiers, twenty-three were Catholic.

"It is a typical instance," explains Father Gilloegly, once of Scranton, Pennsylvania, "illustrating that our Catholic people are in the main stream of life in China. There are distinguished Catholics, such as Mr. Wu and Mr. Yeh of the Legislative Yuan, and there are tens of

thousands of the rank and file. It makes us very proud to see our Catholic Chinese fighting so loyally for China."

SCHOOL BY HANDLEBAR

As the buses cannot run because of the gas shortage, Father Edmonds from Cambridge, Massachusetts, decided to do his bit to get his local youngsters back to the Maryknoll Seminary at Taan Chuk. His bicycle was still functioning, his peddle power strong; so up in front on the handlebars went a small boy of Watlam who hopes to become a Chinese priest. The seminarian and his professor had some falls, but they made the three-day journey safely.

WHERE THE RUBBER GROWS

There is no actual fighting in the jungles of Bolivia, but Father John Fowler, from Malden, Massachusetts, now the pastor at Cachuela, reminds us that his remote town figures prominently in the war. It is a center for the precious wild rubber of which the United States has at present such great need. Unfortunately, there are too few local hands to slice the jungle trees, so the output is limited.

Ordinarily the most convenient route of supplies for Maryknollers at Cachuela and vicinity will be by river boat, from the Atlantic Ocean, to northern Bolivia.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST

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OUR COVER: The Pied Piper of the Philippines is the Catholic priest. This Manila urchin has a firm hold on his white-robed Dominican friend.

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(Above) Harvesting in Luxon. (At bottom of page) Filipina girls of a Manila Catholic School have skillful fingers.



After the fall of Manila, Americans in the city were interned in the fine new buildings of historic Santo Tomas University.



Philippines

OF TOMORROW

THE LAST WORD on American occupation in the Philippines has not been said, nor shall we attempt to say it.

Today, the Philippines lie captive because their people stood shoulder to shoulder with the United States to resist the concentrated might of a militant tyranny. Their soldiers and ours together fought the Japanese with the weapons of Don Quixote, and the deathless courage of an unconquerable soul. The United States has now forged a kinship with the Philippines—a kinship sealed in blood. We lost the Philippines together, in our weakness; but we gained, in the foxholes of Bataan, the magnificent vision of a world with eternal values—a world worth fighting for.

The occupation is ended and a new alliance of kinship has begun. But there were some aspects of American occupational influence which should not be carried forward in our new relationship. (It is not pleasant to criticize, but it is cowardly to keep silent so long as there is any danger to the faith of our Catholic people.) In the past, political sovereignty was interpreted by some Americans as implying also a religious and educational sovereignty over the Philippines. This might occur again unless our people, and the Filipinos, are well-informed and frankly watchful.

The United States took the Philippines in a competitive spirit of colonial imperialism. In 1898, the Filipinos were fighting Spain to win their freedom. When the war with Spain was over, the United States continued to fight the Filipinos for the possession of their Islands. The war against the Filipinos was not a defense against Spain. It was, but never admittedly, a war of conquest.

The American enthusiasm for colonial empire was happily short-lived; yet we continued to retain possession of the Philippines without knowing very definitely what we wanted to do with them. Our political administration was benign and unmilitary; it was honorably mindful of the people who really owned the Islands, even if it was also mindful of our own investments in sugar, copra, and gold, and of our markets for piece goods and automobiles.

But until 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt took office, our American administration of the Philippine Islands was deeply colored by the semi-official imposition of a non-Catholic way of life and education. The tactic of this imposition pretended that the Filipinos were really ill culturally, and in need of a physician; it deprecated their institutions and ignored their history of Christian culture;

it kept silent about the fact that the Filipinos were the only Christian nation in the whole Orient, with hospitals and universities founded centuries before American occupation.

Before 1933, Protestant organizations sent missionaries to the Philippines (as they had perfect liberty to do), but, in addition, the American Government established secular public schools and staffed them, in very great numbers, with teachers who were really, even professionally, non-Catholic missionaries. For thirty years, the Filipinos were treated benignly, but in the conviction that they themselves did not know what was best for their cultural welfare; officials patronized the Filipino leaders (some of whom have proved to be men of world stature) with an impatient and superior-minded toleration; the Filipinos were excluded from our "best clubs" in Manila. They were considered as a subject people, not only politically, but spiritually and socially.

The Filipinos, millions of them, signed petitions to have religion taught in their schools, but such petitions were looked upon with extreme disfavor by the non-Catholic Americans who controlled education in the Philippines. Indeed, many teachers in the Filipino public schools, whose salaries were paid by the Filipinos, spent much of their class time talking against the Catholic Church; they fostered the advance of non-Catholic graduates into civil and political positions of importance. They put a premium on Filipino apostasy. They made it appear quite unfashionable to be Catholic.

The vast majority of the citizen taxpayers in the United States knew nothing about this; had they known, they would not have tolerated it. But the fact remains that, until President Roosevelt put a sharp curb on it, proselytism followed our flag to the Philippines; it wrapped itself up in the flag.

For the Philippines, the inauguration of political independence in 1935 was also the inauguration of a spiritual independence. On that day President Quezon said, "I face the future with hope and fortitude, certain that God never abandons a people who follow His unerring and guiding Hand."

Thus spoke the true soul of the Philippines. American sovereignty had been benign; its removal was witnessed with joy mingled with regret and gratitude. But the removal of the culture of secularism was looked upon with a feeling of unmixed relief. In acquiring political freedom, the Filipinos had restored civic liberty and pride in their Catholic Faith.

It is not enough to hope that the new association of kinship between the United States and the Philippines will be developed on the basis of political freedom. It must be developed no less on the basis of spiritual freedom, educational liberty, and social equality.



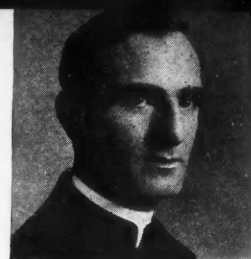
Rev. Arthur F. Allie from Two Rivers, Wisconsin, formerly stationed in Korea, has been assigned to Central America.



Rev. John C. Brady, from San Francisco, entered Maryknoll California Seminary in 1930. His mission is Temuco, Chile.



Rev. Edward P. Brophy is from Lexington, Ky., where he attended Latin School. He is assigned to Puno, Peru.



Rev. John B. Callan, from Malden, Mass., formerly stationed at Kaying, South China, is assigned to Lima.

They've Gone to Stay!

By REV. ROBERT W. GARDNER

This month Maryknoll sends southwards to Latin America its largest departure group—fifty-two priests! Pray that they prove worthy of their ministry among a people of tried and tenacious faith.

THIS MONTH, while the January heat brings out the lush foliage of the southern hemisphere, fifty-two Maryknollers will leave for new territories ranging over five of the Latin American countries. Along the Pacific coast line of the North and South American continents, the priests will occupy parishes and establish priestly offices through a sweep of country which extends for well over fifty-five hundred miles. Thus, the personnel of Maryknoll becomes almost antipodal, because, while its missions of the far northern Orient still exist, those of Latin America venture deep into the south, far below the equator and beyond the Tropic of Capricorn. In point of fact, Maryknoll's nethermost South American parish is less than twenty-five latitudinal degrees from the Antarctic Circle.

The group will be divided into two contingents; the first leaving on January 6—the feast of "Little Christmas"—and the second following within a short time after ordination.

The first group will be comprised largely of veteran missionaries who had occupied posts in the beleaguered areas of the Orient. Since their return in August, these priests have been awaiting assignments. Although the war has created many vacancies in the clergy roster of the United States, and the returned missionaries were requested for local appointments even before their boat docked, nearly all such requests

were deferred because the "stick to your last" policy is seldom more in evidence than in the priesthood. The priests of Maryknoll are, naturally, in their most productive element when they are in mission territory.

Additional territory in South America does not imply, however, the abandonment of any of Maryknoll's missions in the Orient. There are over a hundred Maryknoll missionaries still at their work in the Far East.

Equipment and baggage for South American fields come in for major consideration. Habiliments will include everything, from pith helmets for the equatorial sun to mosquito masks for droves of swarming insects and heavy clothes for the high altitudes and the chill winters of the far south. Personal luggage will be carried in everything from wardrobe trunks to saddle bags. After the first leg of the journey has been made by rail and steamship, persons and properties will be distributed by automobiles, or pack mules. In some instances, the luggage will be carried by South American llamas, the picturesque, sure-footed beasts of burden that look like fur-coated toe dancers and step with dainty hoofs through the treacherous mountain passes of the Andes.

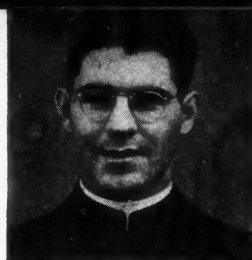
This is Maryknoll's greatest single expansion. Its repercussions in the United States will be a greater demand for vocations and mission coöperation.



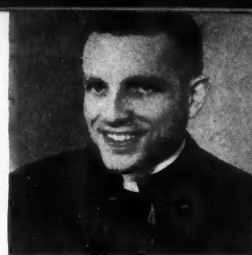
Rev. Joseph H. Cappel, from Norwood, Ohio, was stationed in Korea before his transfer to La Serena, Chile.



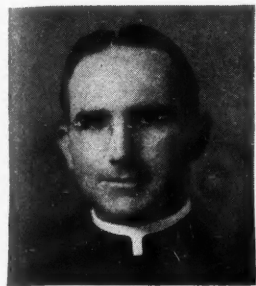
Rev. Thomas J. Carey, from Newark, New Jersey, formerly stationed in Korea, is now assigned to Puno, Peru.



Rev. Donald Cleary, from Newark, N. J., entered the Maryknoll Seminary in 1934. He will go to Puno, Peru.



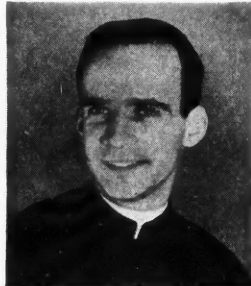
Rev. Melvin Cowan, from Oakland, California, entered Maryknoll in 1929. He is assigned to Temuco, Chile.



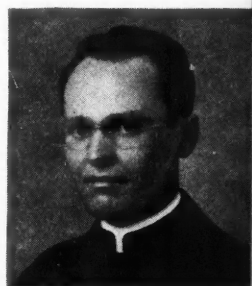
Rev. Gervis Coxen, from New York City, was stationed in Korea before his new assignment to Temuco, Chile.



Rev. Henry A. Dirckx, from Jefferson City, Mo., was Rector at Scranton, Pa. His mission will be at Talca, Chile.



Rev. Joseph Donnelly, from Brookline, Pa., is assigned to La Serena, Chile. He entered Maryknoll Seminary in 1938.



Rev. Patrick Dunne, from Brooklyn, was stationed in Korea until his recent assignment to La Serena, Chile.



Rev. Joseph E. Early, from Scranton, Pa., was stationed in Manchukuo, before his new assignment to Guayaquil.



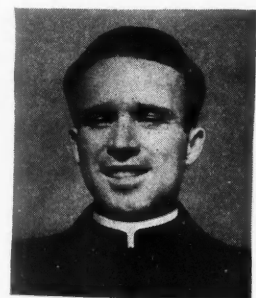
Rev. Stephen Foody attended Cathedral College, New York, before entering Maryknoll. He is assigned to Puno, Peru.



Rev. Francis Garvey, of Seneca, Wisconsin, assigned to Puno, Peru, attended Loras College, Dubuque, Ia.



Rev. Hugo Gerbermann, of Nada, Texas, assigned to Guayaquil, attended St. John's Seminary, San Antonio.



Rev. Gerard Greene, from Woodhaven, N. Y., is assigned to Central America. He attended Cathedral College.



Rev. Leon Harter, Pittston, Pa., was stationed in Korea prior to his present assignment to Temuco, in Chile.



Rev. George Hogan, from East Boston, joined Maryknoll in 1931. He has been assigned to Central America.



Rev. Raymond Hohlfeld from Hastings, Nebraska, was stationed in Manchukuo before his assignment to Puno, Peru.



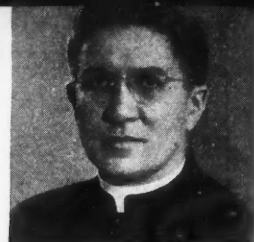
Rev. Gregory Keegan from La Crosse, Wis., who entered Maryknoll in Cincinnati, is assigned to Central America.



Rev. Arthur Kiernan, Cortland, N. Y., was Rector of Maryknoll's California College. He goes to Puno, Peru.



Rev. Edward Koechel, Water Mill, N. Y., formerly stationed in Japan, has been re-assigned to Central America.



Rev. Cyril Kramar, from Youngstown, Ohio, was stationed in Heijo, Korea, before his assignment to Puno.



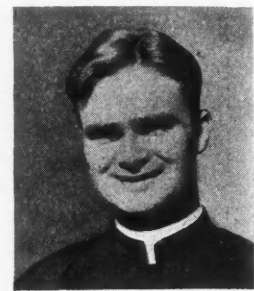
Rev. John Martin, from Milwaukee and Maryknoll in St. Louis, has been assigned to Central America.



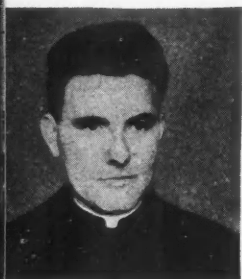
Rev. Joseph McCormack, from New York City, formerly stationed in Manchukuo, is assigned to Temuco, Chile.



Rev. John McGinn, from Providence, R. I., formerly stationed in Kongmoon, South China, goes to Lima.



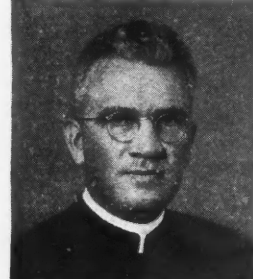
Rev. John McGuire, from Mayfield, Pa., goes to Central America. He entered the Maryknoll Seminary in 1931.



Rev. Thomas O'Rourke, from New York City, is assigned to Central America. He was ordained at Maryknoll in 1941.



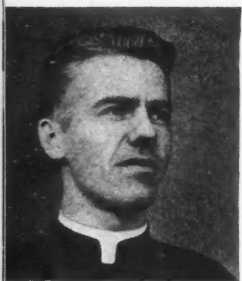
Rev. Thomas Plunkett of Fall River, Massachusetts, has been transferred from Korea to La Serena, Chile.



Rev. George Powers, from Lynn, Mass., was professor of history at Maryknoll before his assignment to Talca.



Rev. James Ray, from New York City, was formerly stationed in Korea. He will now go to Guayaquil, Ecuador.



Rev. Walter Sandman, from San Francisco, is assigned to Talca, Chile. He entered Maryknoll in California, 1929.



Rev. Richard Smith attended schools in Buffalo, New York, before entering Maryknoll. He goes to Talca, Chile.



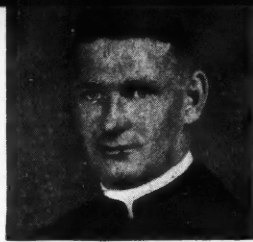
Rev. John J. Walsh, from Bristol, Conn., was stationed in Manchukuo before assignment to Guayaquil, Ecuador.



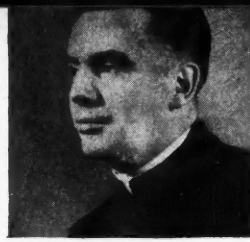
Rev. Thomas Walsh, from Kokomo, Indiana, before his assignment to Temuco, Chile, was a professor at Maryknoll.



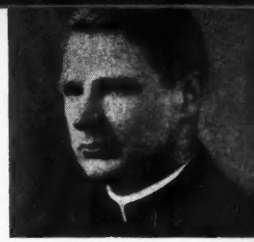
Rev. Robert Lee, from Brooklyn, goes to Central America. He attended St. Francis College before entering here.



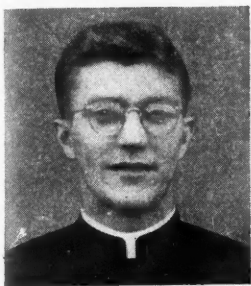
Rev. John Lomasney, from Dorchester, Mass., attended Boston Latin School. He goes to Central America.



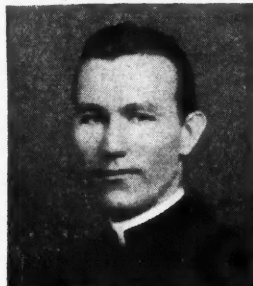
Rev. Francis Lyons is from Philadelphia, where he attended St. Joseph's College. He is assigned to Puno, Peru.



Rev. James Manning, from Richmond Hill, N. Y., was stationed in South China before his assignment to Talca.



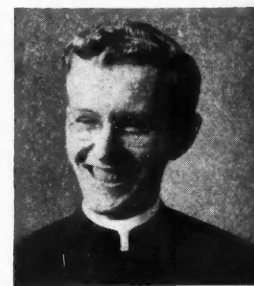
Rev. Anthony Michalik is from Boston, where he attended the Mission High School. He goes to La Serena.



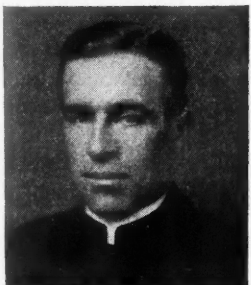
Rev. Francis Mulligan, from Jersey City, N. J., formerly stationed in Korea, is being assigned to La Serena, Chile.



Rev. William Murphy, from Syracuse, N. Y., formerly a missionary in Kyoto, Japan, will now go to Puno, Peru.



Rev. John Nolan, from Astoria, Long Island, is assigned to Central America. He entered Maryknoll in 1934.



Rev. Joseph Reardon, from Dorchester, Mass., formerly stationed in Kaying, South China, is assigned to Lima.



Rev. Joseph Rickert, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is assigned to Talca, Chile. He formerly attended Fordham University.



Rev. James Rottner, from Cincinnati, was stationed in Manchukuo before his new assignment to La Serena.



Rev. Thomas Sampson, from West Fort Lee, N. J., is assigned to Talca, Chile. He studied at Fordham U.



Rev. Richard White, from Geneva, N. Y., was stationed in Korea before his assignment to Central America.



Rev. Clarence Witte from Richmond, Ind., formerly stationed in Japan, has been re-assigned to Central America.



Rev. Thomas Wynne, from Brooklyn, N. Y., is assigned to Guayaquil, Ecuador. He attended St. Francis College.



Rev. Leo Zemalkowski, from Scranton, Pa., is assigned to Temuco, Chile. He attended the University of Scranton.



Homeless wanderers of China look to the Catholic Mission for comfort.

War or no war, the missions carry on. In scattered outposts over the face of the globe, American missionaries tread old trails and blaze new ones in their search for souls.

SINCE THE FALL of so many familiar outposts of European colonization in the Orient, Catholics of the United States have frequently asked: "What of our American Catholic missions?"

Actually, the Japanese-controlled areas, closed by the war to American missionaries, represent only a fraction of the extensive mission work created during the past generation in the Far East by the zeal and generosity of Catholic America.

Since Maryknoll was the most extended of American Catholic mission organizations in the Orient, it has naturally suffered the most from the disruption of normal conditions.

REPORT ON

Yet, the greater part of its mission work goes on even more fruitfully than before.

In China, Maryknoll labors in four mission regions, each equivalent to a diocese in this country. Together they comprise 92,000 square miles of Southern China, the major part of two of China's largest provinces; they equal in area the States of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, New Jersey, and Maryland. They contain 15,000,000 souls, among whom are numbered some 45,000 Catholics. Only a small portion of one of these territories is now closed to American missionaries, and this has been more than offset by the acquisition of responsibility for a new area attached to our Wuchow Vicariate, and additional responsibilities in the Provinces of Hunan and Fukien.

The annual number of converts in these four Maryknoll fields amounts, despite wartime conditions, to nearly 5,000. The spiritual fruits of the Catholic body make impressive reading: 400,000 Holy Communions; 150,000 confessions; 2,500 confirmations; and 175 marriages. Medical cases attended by our mission dispensaries run into the hundreds of thousands. Care of starving war refugees has reached astronomical figures; food, clothing, and shelter must be given to them all. Despite the fantastic inflation, Maryknoll missionaries continue to train and send out their native priests, Sisters, catechists, and school teachers.

KONGMOON:

Bishop Paschang, detained in the Portuguese Colony of Macao for nine months following Pearl Harbor, is again in the unoccupied portion of his mission, directing the activities of the Maryknollers under his charge. The preparatory seminary and the novitiate for native Sisters have been removed far inland and continue to function. The orphanages, one of the special glories of the Kongmoon field, have never been disturbed and are busier than ever as a result of mass-refugee migration.

In his own person and in those of his helpers, Father Joseph Sweeney, founder of the Gate of Heaven Leper Colony, has run the gamut of all the perils and tribulations related by Saint Paul. The Leper Colony continues its errand of mercy to the outcasts of mankind in the thick of danger from war and death from starvation. The Bataan of Father Sweeney still holds out!

The Maryknoll Sisters of the Kongmoon Mission have measured up in courage and fidelity to the womanhood of any nation. Faced with scanty rations, subjected to bombings and the gunfire of marauders, they have not only carried on the ministry of Jesus and Mary to the helpless, but have met the challenge by assuming new responsibilities.

MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA

By REV. THOMAS V. KIERNAN

KAYING:

Bishop Ford has recovered from the attack of a tropical disease. Amid rumors of war, his seminary and novitiate for native vocations continue to flourish. The people of this isolated region were wont to depend on funds received from relatives in Singapore and Java; now their last best hope lies with their missionaries. Our Kaying priests deprived themselves to help their people. When at length Maryknoll-at-home succeeded in getting money to them, they were afraid we couldn't spare it. They said they would get along on less!

North of our Kaying field is a vicariate of German Dominican Fathers whose freedom of movement has been curtailed by the war. The Kaying missionaries in several instances doubled up on their own work, and sent Maryknoll priests to the Dominican territory. When Maryknoll was founded, it was said Americans couldn't "take it." They have, and asked for more.

WUCHOW:

Bishop Donaghy is the youngest of Maryknoll's six bishops, and his youthful vigor is reflected in the untiring activities of his missionaries.

Hundreds of thousands of war refugees have been fed and sheltered. When funds to buy rice failed, the missionaries sold their household equipment.

When a number of Irish Jesuit priests escaped the holocaust of Hong Kong, they were welcomed, and their splendid example was a source of inspiration to Maryknollers and their flocks.

The Maryknoll Language School was transferred to the Wuchow Mission after the fall of Hong Kong, and recently graduated the last of our young missionaries to enter China.

KWEILIN:

At Kweilin Monsignor Romaniello presides over his mission field with characteristic lightheartedness, although probably no other city in China except Chungking has suffered such devastation. The bombed mission house has been rebuilt from the rubble of the ruins. When there were no houses, our missionaries used mountain caves, boats, and straw shacks as their centers of operation. Their crude chapel was as popular as their kitchen and dispensary, hundreds finding their way to Christ there. (*Continued on page 25*)

The universal sympathy of the Red Cross has reached out to war-stricken towns and villages of ancient China.



Pioneering is almost second nature to the hardy farmers of our Middle West. Father Bernard Meyer, in South China since 1918, has kept the pioneering stamp of his Iowa boyhood through the years. In this article Father Joseph Reardon, who was with Father Meyer in the Hong Kong detention camp, relates how the pioneer mastered its manifold difficulties.

IN A HONG KONG

LIKE the pirate of the South China seas, the missionary is a man of direct approach, who knows what he wants and sets out after it. The one captures loot, the other souls.

No subtlety could ever, on the missions, have the effect of a direct approach to the subject of evangelization. When Father Meyer first went to the Orient, he carried with him, not only the full complement of priestly knowledge and accouterment, but an understanding for farming and farm

Maryknoll's Father Bernard Meyer (top, right) and Father Donald Hessler (below, right) elected to remain with the internees in Hong Kong. Peace-time Hong Kong (top, left) pulsated with varied life. On Christmas Day the Japanese seized the Maryknoll House at Stanley Beach (below, left).



Internment CAMP

life. Father Meyer is a farmer from Iowa; a universal occupation that will be found in every part of the world.

Methods of planting and harvesting in the interior of China have not changed in hundreds of years. The land is revived by fertilization year after year, but there has been no perceptible improvement. When the missionary approached his task, he prepared a catechism that these farmers would understand. He was successful almost from the very beginning. He became an excellent missionary, as he is today, and something seemed to direct his efforts towards a very human and affectionate association with the people of China's inland. He grew to like their simplicity, he admired their bravery in the face of hardship; he had seen them through flood and famine, and watched the weaker ones wither and die. When the elements were kind and a good crop was stored in the bins of the farmers, Father Meyer noticed how generous they were; how they helped one another.

This was an opportunity to apply American enterprise to China's old and outworn methods of husbandry. Out in his own mission compound, he experimented with the soil and with crops indigenous to South China's climate. He advised his parishioners on how to plant and harvest to bring about an increase in their crop production.

This was a language that the farmers understood. Father Meyer was given the confidence of these men, and taught them, at one and the same time, how to raise alfalfa and how to worship God. He followed, to the letter, Saint Paul's admonition to "work and pray," and advised others to do the same.

He is a large, powerful man, Father Meyer. Steel-rimmed spectacles cover a pair of sharp, intelligent eyes. Everything he does seems to be calculated. The length of his stride seems to be measured; his speech is regulated to an unwavering tempo. His smile is kind, he is the soul of serious, sensible friendliness, and he inspires confidence.

Any veteran missionary who has roamed the Orient as much as Father Meyer must certainly be unaffected by trivial changes in living conditions, such as the change from Hong Kong to the back country, where it is not enough simply to be hungry and to have the money to buy food. One must get the food, know how to prepare it, and how much to save for subsequent meals. There is no doubt but that, time and again, he had to secure his food somewhere along the country paths of his mission trips.

It became second nature for Father Meyer to give orders. In China, he told the people how to live; in America, there is nothing he is not ready to discuss at length and in an

authoritative way, from driving streetcars to building barns. And, speaking of the latter, when Father Meyer was at Maryknoll he built a fine, big, modern barn that housed, among other things, over forty head of cattle. And that seems to prove that he knows what he is talking about, even though no one has ever seen him driving a streetcar.

When the war broke out, the Hong Kong Maryknollers were in the house at Stanley Beach, together with a good number of guests from other missionary societies. During Christmas Mass, the attack by the Japanese reached its peak and the invading soldiers banged at the front door. Father Meyer opened the door and stood quietly, very dignified. He could not bar the soldiers from the house, but never once, even while bayonets were flashing near him, did he lose his composure. After a few days at the Maryknoll House, where the priests were given quarters in a small garage in the back yard, they were taken to the detention camp at Stanley Prison.

This was a makeshift place. It was a series of buildings strung together with barbed wire. The thought uppermost in the minds of the officers who directed the camp's construction was to keep the prisoners from escaping. Consequently, there were not adequate facilities for the preparation of food. That, of course, was almost an inconsequential detail, since the meager supply of food they were given was hardly of a quality that would admit of much variation in preparation. The rice was long past its usual span of life, and the fish was over-ripe.

These things were very hard on the people from the city. But Father Meyer had watched men and women starve during his days on the missions. Once again he began a "direct action" approach to the solution of this problem. Before long there were kitchens, dispensaries for the sick, dances for the youngsters (to the tune of a single record which must have been constructed of hardy material, or it would have given up its wheezy ghost while it was still very youthful), sports for the men, and lastly, classes in Chinese for the young priests who had been attending the language school at Stanley when the war broke out.

When the *Asama Maru* sailed from Hong Kong to meet the *Gripsholm* for the exchange of prisoners in South Africa, Father Meyer did not even ponder the question of returning. It would be impossible; who would take care of the camp?

Father Meyer is still in the concentration camp in Hong Kong. He is not alone. Other priests are with him, who are waiting for the time when they can get back to their people and their parishes.

CONFIRMATION WITH BOMBS

By REV. MARK A. TENNIEN

BAPTISM OF FIRE" has a familiar ring, but "confirmation with bombs" is geared more exclusively to the tempo of modern warfare. Not that the setting of this particular confirmation was up-to-date. Far from it. Chemu is a village eight miles out of the ancient city of Kweilin, South China.

It has the same spreading banyan trees, mud huts, water-covered rice fields, and gaunt, barking dogs as the neighboring villages, but it also possesses a trim little Catholic chapel where its people go to pray. Ten years ago it was the first hamlet in the Kweilin plain to accept the Faith from the Maryknoll Fathers.

Chemu had chosen for the "big time" in question the moon festival, a hoary harvest celebration when food for the banquet would be abundant. The morning before, the Maryknoll Sisters came from Kweilin to put finishing touches to the decorations. Later in the day Father Greene, pastor of Chemu, proudly escorted Monsignor Romaniello.

In the evening, ten catechumens, anxious to share in the confirmation ceremony, received the Sacrament of Baptism. Lights were extinguished early, for word had gone round that the Monsignor's Mass was to be at dawn.

Next morning, as the villagers in festive attire were assembling for Mass, the siren sounded, and shortly after an ominous hum sent them scattering through the bamboo groves. The ground trembled as sixteen planes brought death and ruin to beautiful Kweilin, over yonder behind

its fantastic limestone peaks. When the planes were specks against the horizon, and the hum was again like that of malaria mosquitoes that had strewn their poison, the villagers crept out. The all-clear signal had not yet sounded from the city, but they risked the danger in order to carry on with their big day.

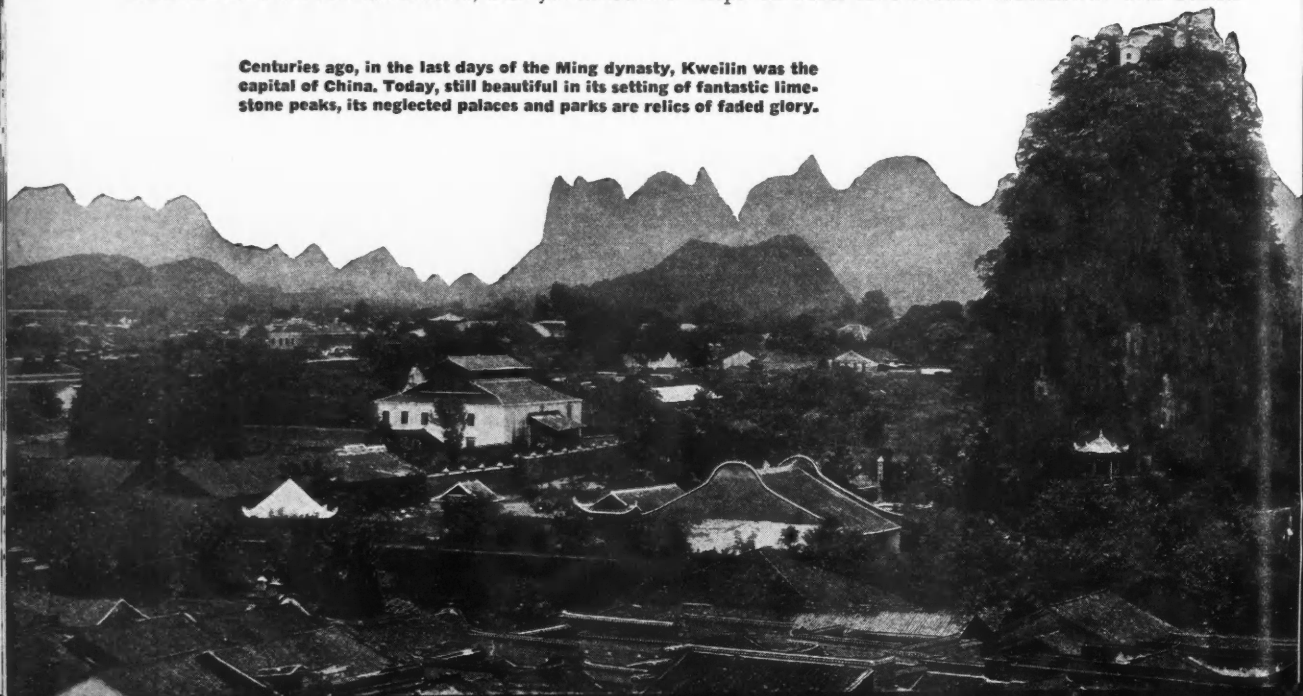
As the people knelt in church for the *Sanctus*, the hum came creeping up on them again. This time they did not move, but pray they did—probably as they had never prayed before! The sound of planes banking and diving over the city was like the intensely vibrating E string of an enormous cello, but Monsignor went quietly on with the Mass, which comforted them all.

The procession of forty-three formed and came up to the altar for confirmation as the planes were moving off. Through the open window they could see smoke rising from the city where they knew people were weeping and dying.

After the ceremony Monsignor could not enjoy the long-heralded banquet, and he worried while the village celebrities talked to him. He was wondering if the Kweilin mission had again been cracked apart with bombs.

He and Father Greene did not tarry long. They pumped away a little faster on their bicycles, and their hearts pounded a little harder, until they got back to see the mission was still intact. Then they relaxed, and the Monsignor said, "I hope we never have another confirmation with bombs!"

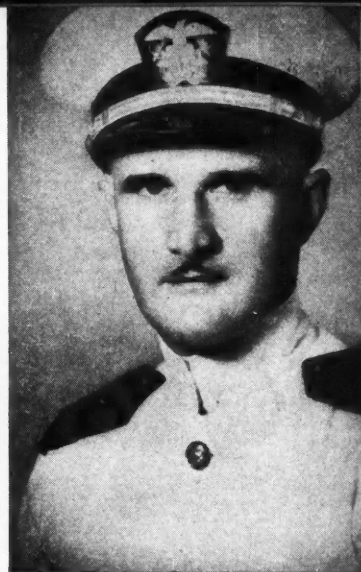
Centuries ago, in the last days of the Ming dynasty, Kweilin was the capital of China. Today, still beautiful in its setting of fantastic limestone peaks, its neglected palaces and parks are relics of faded glory.



FIGHTING MEN ASK FOR *Prayers*



Colonel James S. Devereux



Commander John M. Bermingham

HUNDREDS of letters pouring into Maryknoll come from our soldiers in the service and their relatives. These letters ask for prayers.

"We boys need your prayers now as we never needed them before," writes a private from Australia.

Recently a Maryknoll sponsor wrote:

"Please get in communication with my son, Lieutenant Colonel James S. Devereux, captured at Wake Island and reported by the Red Cross to be a prisoner near Shanghai, China."

We sent the request, air mail, to Father Tennien, M.M., our contact man in Chungking, and a short time ago received the following letter, which we forwarded to Mrs. Devereux:

Headquarters, American Army Forces
China, Burma, India

"Dear Father:

"The last word that I had from Shanghai came from a man who was recently exchanged. He mentioned that Colonel Devereux was there and also stated that, to the best of his knowledge, the men from Wake were in good health and there had been no deaths. He stated that the morale of the Wake prisoners was high. I will inform you if I get any further word."

—E. J. M., Lt. Colonel

A lieutenant who knows what action and constant danger of death mean says:

"I am in the Army now and, more than ever, I shall need your prayers to strengthen me physically, morally, and spiritually. I don't ask that you pray to keep me from bodily harm. I just ask that, if my time comes, I shall go as a true son of God."

From New Caledonia, in the Southwest Pacific, a sergeant writes:

"We have been overseas six months now, and we know how much a mission priest is needed by the natives here. Many non-Catholic boys have turned Catholic since we left America. Four fellows in my own outfit have become Catholics, and many have come back to their religion. Over a hundred soldiers were confirmed by a French bishop one day. It was quite an impressive ceremony. Don't forget me in your prayers!"

"I am still lucky and prospering by your prayers," writes another sergeant. "The one intention I need prayers for is that I may not be afraid to die, because my soul will be O.K. when I enter battle."

Mothers, too, are enlisting our prayers and help for their boys.

"Pray for all of us," writes one mother, "especially for Dick, that he may keep just as good as when he left me. I placed him right in Our Lady's arms and told her to guide him, and I'm sure she will. Pray that God may give him a fine rating for his soul, more than anything else in this world."

Commander Bermingham, who was killed on his boat, the *Peary*, near Australia, was a brother-in-law of Father John Joyce, M.M., now stationed in China.

"I am enclosing an offering for Gregorian Masses for the repose of the soul of my husband, Lieutenant Commander John M. Bermingham, U. S. N. I shall never forget the wonderful day the children and I spent at Maryknoll, Hong Kong—it is all like a dream now."

—Mrs. J. M. B.



Steeds of the desert cross a more modern means of conveyance in an oasis of Northern Africa. Today in this region

DESERT GIANT

By REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE

ALGIERS, Oran, the country of the Rif, Casablanca and beyond—regions of North Africa now occupied by our American soldiers with their French and British allies—this was the route, in 1883, of a brilliant young French army officer disguised as a Jew. Morocco then was a "closed country," in which Christians traveled at their own peril. This officer, Vicomte de Foucauld, later made another journey through Southern Algeria. This trip ended in Tunisia, in the garden-like oasis of Gabes, close to the Mediterranean shore, where barley and vegetables grow under bushes, while the bushes grow beneath the mothering shade of royal palms.

As a result of his Moroccan explorations, this Frenchman prepared an outstanding geographic, military, and political study, which was hailed in London as "the most important and most remarkable journey that a European has for a century undertaken in Morocco."

Today, quite as the Alpine Clubs of Europe point with pride to climbs and studies of a sturdy Lombard who later became Pope Pius XI, so geographic societies treasure the works of this Frenchman who in later years became a solitary in the vast expanse of the Sahara Desert.

Years after De Foucauld's visit to Morocco, the son of a Moslem, Sidi Edris, who had once protected him, wrote: "I asked the French Consul here about you. He told me that you are in the honest service of God, and that you have sacrificed your time to the Eternal. I congratulate you, and I am certain that the world no longer interests you—a truly essential point of view for both the present and the future."

It was true. The strong-fibred Charles de Foucauld had undergone a spiritual conversion, which eventually made him the great apostle of the Sahara and the outstanding spiritual figure of all North Africa in modern times. It was not a career that De Foucauld desired; it was Reality. So he abandoned his sextant, his barometer, his hygrometers, sought the priesthood, and then the desert.

"Since I was twenty, I have always relished the sweetness of solitude," he wrote. "Even in my un-Christian days, I loved the aloneness of beautiful nature along with books; the soul is not made for noise, but for meditation."

Fearless in his service of France, he became far more so in his labors for God. "One of the most urgent duties we owe to Our Lord is to be afraid of nothing," he wrote.

De Foucauld called the Sahara Desert below Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia, his parish, and the ten thousand Tuaregs of its oases his missionary flock.

Along the ancient camel route from Tunis to Kano are the desert heights of Ahaggar. After a stay at Beni Abbes,



they pass American tanks.



Moroccan Jews must have whispered a lot about the Vicomte de Foucauld.

De Foucauld journeyed to Ahaggar's distant confines. Outside the tiny village of Tamanrasset, he built a hermitage six feet by twenty feet, and rose at night to taste the sweetness of the All-Present amid the desert solitude, soft winds, and satin sky.

He did not convert great numbers; and despite the wide esteem he enjoyed, he was murdered, in 1916, by a Senussi rebel. But all who know of him feel that, throughout the desert country and in all North Africa, Charles de Foucauld has accomplished more enduring good for souls than any other single mission worker.

A local Moslem writer said of him shortly after his death, "The reputation of our *marabout* (Moslem word for holy man) is great in Ahaggar. The folk to whom he did good, and that means all folk of Ahaggar, honor his tomb as if he were still alive."

De Foucauld's missionary philosophy was appealing in its freedom from all complexity. "You must be simple, affable, and good to the Tuaregs," he used to explain. "Love them and make them feel that they are loved. Don't take offense at their familiarities; be human, charitable, and *always gay*. You must laugh even in saying the simplest things. Laughing draws men closer together, allows them to understand each other better. It is a charity. Always laugh."

At the end of the nineteenth century, the Moslem lands of North Africa had practically no missionaries. The French moved into the cities, and the more pious invited priests, but in those anti-clerical days the priests were there only on sufferance of the civil authorities. During a great famine, the courageous Cardinal Lavigerie, of Algiers, undertook to gather the children of those Moslems taken by death and to care for them in an orphanage, the first in North Africa.

From this small beginning, there unfolded the plan to carry the Faith into the very teeth of Moslem bitterness. The White Fathers were founded, and other communities of priests and Sisters were introduced to labor among the Moslems. Only the bold Lavigerie could lead such a movement. Today, besides clergy for the million and a half non-Africans who live between Tunis and Casablanca, there are several hundred missionaries among the non-Christians.

While Cardinal Lavigerie was the trail blazer, Venerable Charles de Foucauld is chief exemplar of that subtle spirit of firm gentleness and patient understanding which represents the main hope for an advance of the Faith among the Moslems. The other missionaries of North Africa have shared De Foucauld's ways and have reaped profit from them.

"Most of us commit the heresy of seeking directly to make conversions," explains Father Demeeresman, of Tunis. "There is much to be done before that. We need a profound knowledge of Arabic, of the Koran, of the Bible, of Arab and Berber folkways. It is astounding how few students of Moslem questions there are in the Christian world. We Christians need much deeper roots of conviction regarding our world task if ever we are to perform it well."

De Foucauld, the giant of the Sahara, did the first heroically patient digging for planting deep roots of Christianity among its isolated Moslems. He has had no successor.

Like De Foucauld, American boys are gay and brave. Like him, they are ready to undertake great labors for souls. Already they have followed French pioneers in mission fields of the Far East. In the Providence of God, Father de Foucauld's hermitage may one day call across the seas to an American ex-soldier of this African campaign.



Since 1912, when Maryknoll pioneers settled on Sunset Hill, two white-robed Dominicans, Fathers Callan and McHugh, have taught in our Seminary.

STUDENTS OF MARYKNOLL

By REV. CHARLES F. MCCARTHY

TWENTY-TWO seminarians will be ordained priests at Maryknoll next month, and every one of them has already been assigned to work outside the United States.

In addition to the ecclesiastical subjects established by Church law for seminarians, for several years these students have diligently studied the customs, culture, history, philosophy, religions, politics, economics, and both the written and the spoken languages, of China and Japan, preparing themselves to be Maryknoll missionaries in the Orient.

Before Pearl Harbor, it would have been difficult to find a university in America which offered courses in all of these

subjects. At Maryknoll these extra studies are required subjects, because Maryknoll priests must be as prepared to start work in a foreign land as American priests are to begin their ministry in home dioceses. The Maryknoll Seminary must train a student to be a missionary, while it educates him to be a priest.

Shortly after Pearl Harbor, the Holy See directed Maryknoll to send its missionaries to Latin America, since the gateway to Asia was closed. With this new destination in view, Maryknoll immediately changed the extra studies of the seminarians in the three upper classes. They had been preparing themselves to be missionaries in the Orient; they now began training to become *Padres de Maryknoll* in Latin America.

Many things had to be learned thoroughly, yet quickly. Vacation periods were shortened, class days were increased, new maps and books were purchased for the library, the Spanish language replaced Chinese and Japanese, Latin-American history and culture were added to the studies about the Orient. Specialists were engaged to lecture to the seminarians on various phases of South and Central America and on their practical problems of agriculture.

These seminarians had spent a summer in the accident wards and emergency operating rooms of New York City hospitals to receive some personal experience in handling

cases of minor surgery. But now a doctor with mission experience was brought to the Seminary to conduct a series of lectures on tropical diseases, sanitation, and hygiene.

During their year of spiritual training at Bedford, Massachusetts, the students had received cooking lessons and had spent four weeks in the kitchen practicing over the stove; but now special lessons in cooking over camp fires and charcoal burners have been included in the Seminary course.

The day's schedule for seminarians begins at 5:30 A. M. and ends at 10:15 P. M. Three hours daily are spent in chapel or at spiritual exercises; about four hours are allowed for meals and recreation; one hour each day the seminarians spend at manual labor; the other nine hours of the day are devoted to class or study. Regimentation is avoided as much as is possible with a large group living a common life under one roof. No bell is rung and no signal is given for rising and for common assemblies. Each student keeps his own time, and he apportions many hours of the day to suit his own particular needs.

Students applying for admittance to Maryknoll should have certain qualifications, but it may be said safely that any American young man who feels that he has a vocation and who desires to devote his life to the foreign missions, can become a successful missionary. A priest who sailed for Bolivia last fall, told this story about himself:

"When I was at Boston College, a Maryknoll priest told me that a missionary must have common sense, a sense of humor, and average intelligence. It sounded easy. I was sure that I had these qualifications, and I felt flattered. I applied to Maryknoll—and now I'm off to the jungle."

The student who is accepted is placed where he fits in the course, depending on his previous education. The Maryknoll training requires five years of study after the completion of four years of college. From the beginning, the student is taught to go through life with his eyes open, to develop a sense of observation, to learn as many practical things as he can, to acquire a little knowledge of everything and a big knowledge of human nature and methods of mixing with people and making friends.

It is not enough for the student to learn foreign languages and culture: he must study also all high-school, college, and seminary subjects, with an emphasis on a foreign ministry. He is trained to study methods of presenting to others the information and knowledge he acquires. And when it is possible, as it is with mechanics, agriculture, Spanish, catechetics, and some other studies (Maryknoll students teach catechism to children in eight local parishes), he must go out of the Seminary to acquire practical experience in applying the things he learns in class.

Manual labor has always been part of the training of Maryknoll students. It gets their hands dirty as it dusts the study cobwebs from their minds; but it also saves money, since the students do most of the work which normally would require hired help. Manual labor teaches the student to help

himself and others in the ordinary difficulties of life, and introduces him during Seminary days to jobs he may have to perform later. Often on the missions, he will be his own architect, contractor, plumber, carpenter, electrician, and farmer.

The education of the Maryknoll student must prepare him for his future tasks. He must also acquire knowledge, habits, and judgment which will fit him to select the time and place to contribute to his flock the ideas which will help them most in raising their standards of living and in drawing them close to heaven. Above all, as God's water carrier to the thirsting millions, he must become strong in drawing on the Fountain of Living Waters.



Years of special preparation precede Maryknoll ordinations.

The Maryknoll manual labor "course" makes self-help experts.



MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded in 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority.

●

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

THE TASK

The task is the extension of God's Kingdom over the hearts of men. This is why the world was created, this is why it was redeemed, this is why Jesus suffered and Mary sorrowed; this is why birds sing and planets revolve—that God, the Creator, may be known, praised, and loved. This is not only worth while; it is the only thing worth while.

In our day the work is speeding up. The twentieth century has made us all companions in a small world. It is the Church's opportunity—*preach the Gospel to every creature*. It is being done literally today. Sadly enough, the enemy is also active in sowing cockle. In this juncture, with the fate of millions in the balance, are the missionaries fools or wise men? The wonder is that every man does not leave his plough in the field and follow them.

UNIQUE TITLE

"*Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you,*" is the dynamic principle of a religion that demands for all men what it desires for itself, and leaves no doubt or equivocation as to what is meant by *all* men. In this philosophy it is just as important to make a good world for the last man as for the first—for the enemy as well as for the friend—because to the Christian religion the enemy is a brother who must be made a friend. A world order that precludes enmities by reconciling enemies will have some hope to stand, because it bases itself on the universal human equality that is the only sound foundation for a peaceful family of nations.

If we are tired of wars, let us not permit hate mongers to brew us another. "*Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you,*" expresses a spirit that has often been cited against the Christian religion as a seeming reproach and a weakness, but it is this very spirit that entitles Christianity, alone among all philosophies and systems, to a major share in the fashioning of a durable peace. It is a unique spirit that gives the Christian religion a unique title to play a

unique role in the settlement of the world's trouble. And the world has had enough of the other spirit—together with its fatal effects—to last it for a very long time.

A GOOD TREE

It may seem much to expect that the non-Christian people of the globe—who comprise two thirds of its population—should acclaim and accept a world order based on Christian principles to which they do not subscribe; yet it is certain that they will be satisfied to accept it, and that they will not be satisfied to accept anything else. The reason is that all people want the kind of world that only Christian principles can provide. They all want justice and security, peace and prosperity, democratic rights and equal opportunity, cultural exchange and international brotherhood; but not all are moved by a spiritual compulsion sufficiently imperative to vindicate these blessings to themselves, and few indeed are strongly disposed to extend them effectively to others. Moreover, there are far too many who are entirely prepared to withhold them from others whenever their own fancied interest suggests such a policy, and the net result of all the floundering is that nobody enjoys these benefits at all. Thus these leaderless people move forever in a tragic circle, helpless to promote or to conserve the natural blessings of a well-ordered world that all instinctively crave.

The Christian religion is the only definite philosophy in the world that insists on extending these blessings to all men at all times, and it is therefore the only system that can create a world acceptable to all men. The good tree may continue to be ignored over vast regions of the earth, but its unique fruit of universal justice and peace will ever be consciously sought—and thrillingly welcomed—by all mankind.

●

Be ready always to serve others whenever it is in your power to do so. This will strengthen you spiritually, and will bring its own reward.—*Most Rev. James A. Walsh*

WHY PRIESTS TO LATIN AMERICA?

How impossible living would be, without Christ! How dismal and drear the mechanical toil of a purposeless livelihood! Having known the Lord and loved Him, the days are dark without His Presence. One stumbles, falls on the roadways of endeavor, lacking His guidance, His support. Without the Sacrament of His Love, man is discouraged, weak before current dangers, and trembling, with sightless fear, before the precipice of death.

How can anyone have confidence in life, confidence in death, and welcome each with understanding, unless he has seen both through a faith that telescopes eternity?

What more sad in life than not knowing the Lord, unless

In the United States there are 22,556,242 Catholics and 36,580 priests. In Latin America, there are 110,000,000 Catholics and 16,000 priests. Our country has an area of 3,025,433 square miles, that of Latin America is 8,183,751 square miles.

The Church has suffered many hardships during the past century in Latin America. But Latin Americans have retained an almost fierce pride in their Catholic Faith. The Protestant missionaries who attempt to proselytize our "good neighbors" to the South consider the tenacious devotion of these strong-willed people surprising and mysterious.

To us, it is not surprising, though it is as mysterious as



it be rejecting Him? A man is fatigued with the loneliness of wandering desire who has not, in his soul *and in his body*, the inexhaustible, tireless vitality of grace.

A priest is ordained for men in the things that pertain to God. He offers the Sacrifice of the Mass, he administers Communion to the faithful, he teaches the doctrine of Christ, he absolves us from sin; he is the faithful counselor of youth, the beloved friend of families, the consoler of sorrows; he is the watchman of our souls. But, above all, he bears in anointed hands the Body of the Lord: he is a chalice of God. To the strong and to the weak, to rulers and to people, to laborers, farmers, professionals, students, to all, he brings divine power, infinite security, and undying purpose.

The priest is the agent of an immeasurably vast revolution—a revolution in values, in ideas, in conduct; a revolution that fuses the things of God with the things of men.

the dazzling darkness of faith. Our Southern neighbors have "seen the Lord," and they cannot forget Him. They had loved Him; and through no fault of their own, many had lost Him. For generations, millions have been without Mass, without the Sacraments, without religious education. Tabernacles in churches have been open and empty, like the tomb from which Our Lord had risen leaving the memorials of His burial. *They had lost the Lord through no fault of their own.*

And when these multitudes shall find the Lord again—in the altar rail, in the confessional, in wedlock, and in consecrated, triumphant death; when they shall find Him teaching love in the temples of their souls—they, being His familiars, will greet Him as long ago a grief-stricken young woman, the greatest woman of the world, greeted Him. They will say with affection, with longing, and with gentle reproach—"Didst Thou not know that we have sought Thee, sorrowing?"



Father Cummings (above) is still missing after Bataan's fall. Women of the Year (left), two army nurses from Bataan, receive awards from Mrs. Willkie. Captain Florence McDonald (far left) spoke recently at the Maryknoll Motherhouse.



IN THE NEWS

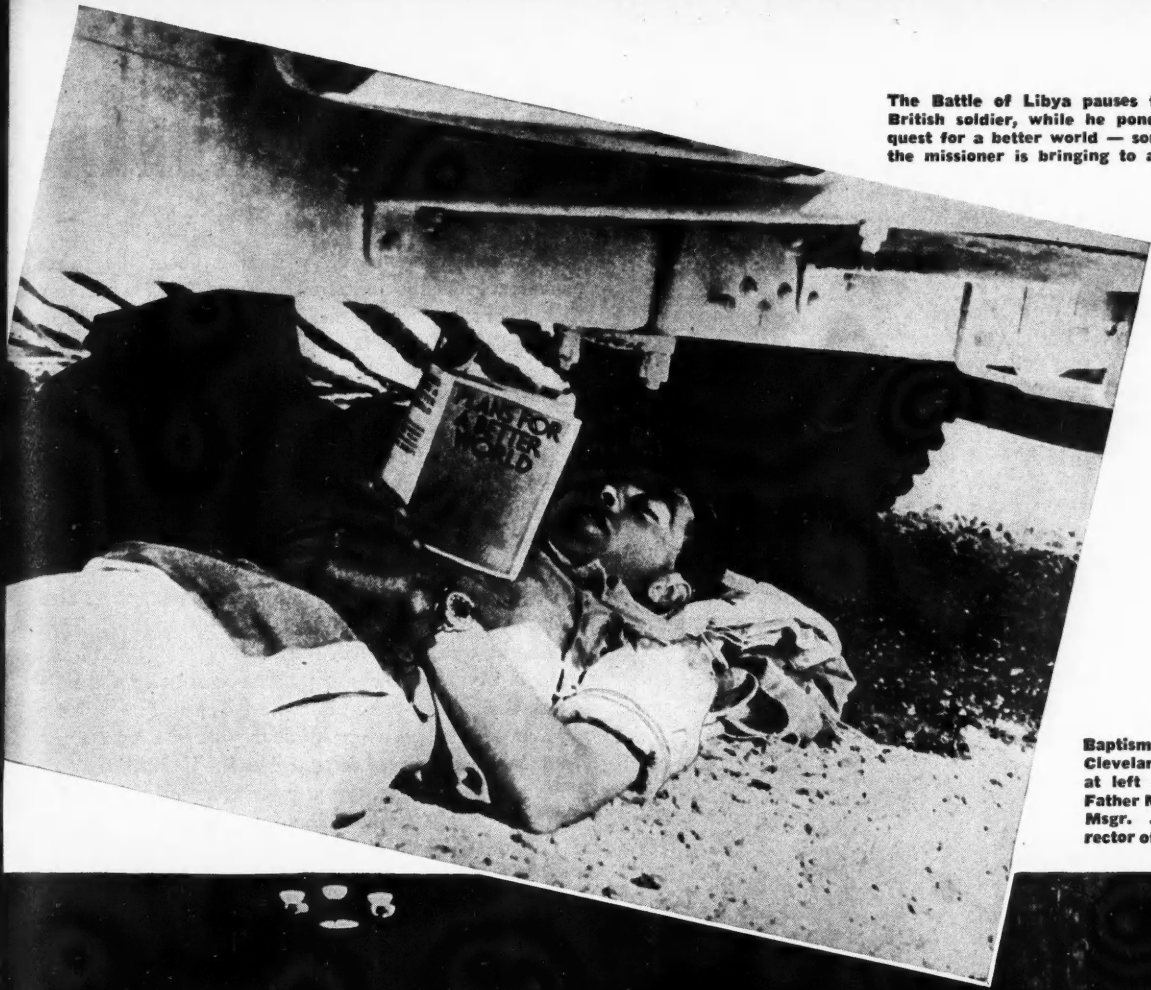
(Above) **T**HE long, dark silence that has enshrouded Bataan since the peninsula's fall has not been broken by any word from Maryknoll's Father William Cummings, who was serving as chaplain with American troops there. We are also without news of Father J. Russell Hughes, who was in Manila, or of Fathers Robert Sheridan, Timothy Daley, and William McCarthy, who were stationed in Cebu City.

(Right) **M**ONSIGNOR SMITH, the rector of the cathedral in Cleveland, has shown true apostolic zeal for the Chinese of his parish. Father Martin Burke of Maryknoll, with the ready aid of the cathedral priests and of prominent Catholic

laity of the city, has succeeded in raising the number of Chinese Catholics to over fifty. Last June a very representative group of Chinese received the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. John's Cathedral. American sponsors considered themselves privileged; prominent among them was Judge Perry Frye, who is keenly interested in the development of Cleveland's Chinese parish.

Several of these Chinese converts have joined the forces of Uncle Sam, eager to do their part in upholding the Allied cause. Soldiers will have a welcome for George Yee, one of the first Chinese to be baptized at Cleveland by Father Burke, and *former chef in a Cleveland Chinese restaurant!*

The Battle of Libya pauses for this British soldier, while he ponders his quest for a better world — something the missionary is bringing to all men.



Baptism of Chinese in Cleveland Cathedral: at left of Maryknoll's Father Martin Burke is Msgr. Joseph Smith, rector of the Cathedral.



CATHOLIC KOREA

COURT messengers hurriedly shuffled about the palace grounds at Seoul, the capital of the Hermit Kingdom, Korea. A group of silk-gowned Korean nobles stood ready to mount their well-caparisoned little horses. Farewells were bowed and spoken, and soon the small cavalcade was riding southward through the streets toward the great arched hole in the city wall known as *Nam Dai Moon* (Great South Gate). Each rider, topped by a quaint horsehair hat, sat his mount with a composure and dignity that befitted a noble on the king's business.

The blare of trumpets cleared the way. Dogs napping in the warm dust of the street lazily drew themselves up and trotted out of the path of on-coming hoofs to bark their disapproval. Boys, with long black braids of hair down their backs, ejaculated excited "*aye-gos*" ("Oh!") and scampered in from side alleys to pace the quick stepping little horses. Girls, round-faced, almond-eyed, peeped through the sorghum-stalk fences of the yards they dared not leave unchaperoned, and emitted delighted "*aye-gos*" upon "*aye-gos*". A bewhiskered ancient, drawing peacefully on an arm-long pipe, took refuge from the line of march under the low eaves of a mud-walled house.

"Where are they going, honorable old man?" It was the woman of the house, amply filling the little doorway of the kitchen, who asked.

"To Peking," he answered, "to pay the annual tribute."

"Why do we pay tribute to China?" she queried, and, without waiting for a reply, added, "What do they bring back from Peking?"

"Being a woman," he said, without any intention of belittling, "you wouldn't understand such things. However I will explain." He squatted on his heels, and, while he proceeded to outline historic battlefields in the dust before her door, she returned to the fireplace to stir the boiling rice.

Ten minutes later she abruptly interrupted his attack on the walled city of Peng Yang to ask: "Don't they bring anything back from Peking?"

"Yes," he answered, "they bring back news of the world, and messages—messages from the Emperor of China."

And so they did, year in and year out. This small group of nobles was Korea's only link with the outside world. In those days no Korean was permitted to go abroad, no foreigner to enter. Korea was wary of her neighbors and shy of strangers. She coveted nothing of others. She asked nothing of them, but that they intrude not into her peninsular hermitage. Let the world go its way. She felt unable to analyze and distinguish and properly assess the motives of those who accosted her. Her safest course, as she saw it—and who will



Of all the Maryknoll mission fields in the Orient, Korea is the most ripe for the Faith. Since Korean nobles brought the knowledge of Christianity to their country from China, there have always been in Korea souls eager to sacrifice all for the Pearl of Great Price. The simple farmer-folk of Korea's countryside are unspoiled and single-minded. They embraced the Faith before their government was ready to accept it, and they gave to the Church thousands of martyrs of all ages and walks of life.

"What do they bring back from Peking?" queried the Koreans, as the yearly embassy to China rode by. Father Leo Sweeney's article tells us of the treasure that the nobles brought back

say that she was wrong—was simply to have no dealings with the foreigner. If he insisted on intruding, she could be severe.

Witness the fate of the American trading vessel (the *General Sherman*, I believe it was called) which, many decades after the period of which we write, had the temerity to sail fifty miles up the Tai Tong River to the very gates of Peng Yang City. Determined to sell his tin pans and trinkets to a Korea which did not want them, the *Sherman's* captain ignored official orders to leave. His ship was set afire, and every last man of the crew killed.

But to get back to our Korean nobles bound for Peking to pay the annual tribute. They went, they tarried some time in the Hub of the Orient, and they returned, bringing with them messages from the Emperor of China and news—news the like of which had never been heard in Korea. They brought with them the news that angels had brought from the court of Heaven to a handful of shepherds on a lonely hillside near Bethlehem.

The Pearl of Great Price, which the Magi had come from afar to the crib to seek, these Korean nobles stumbled upon in Peking. They found the Infant, not in a crib but in a catechism, and their honest hearts recognized Him and revered Him. What God, in His great Providence, showed the Magi in the manger, He revealed to Korean nobles in a book. Far more important to them than the messages they bore from the Emperor of China was the message they carried back to Korea from the King of Kings—the message of a Saviour, "*who is Christ the Lord.*"

Yes, Koreans were Korea's first Catholic missionaries. There is no case like Korea's in the long history of the Catholic Church. It is unique. It speaks volumes for the excellent character of these nobles and their people. It points to a very special dispensation of God's Providence on behalf of Korea, and entitles His Church to a special position in the Hermit Kingdom.

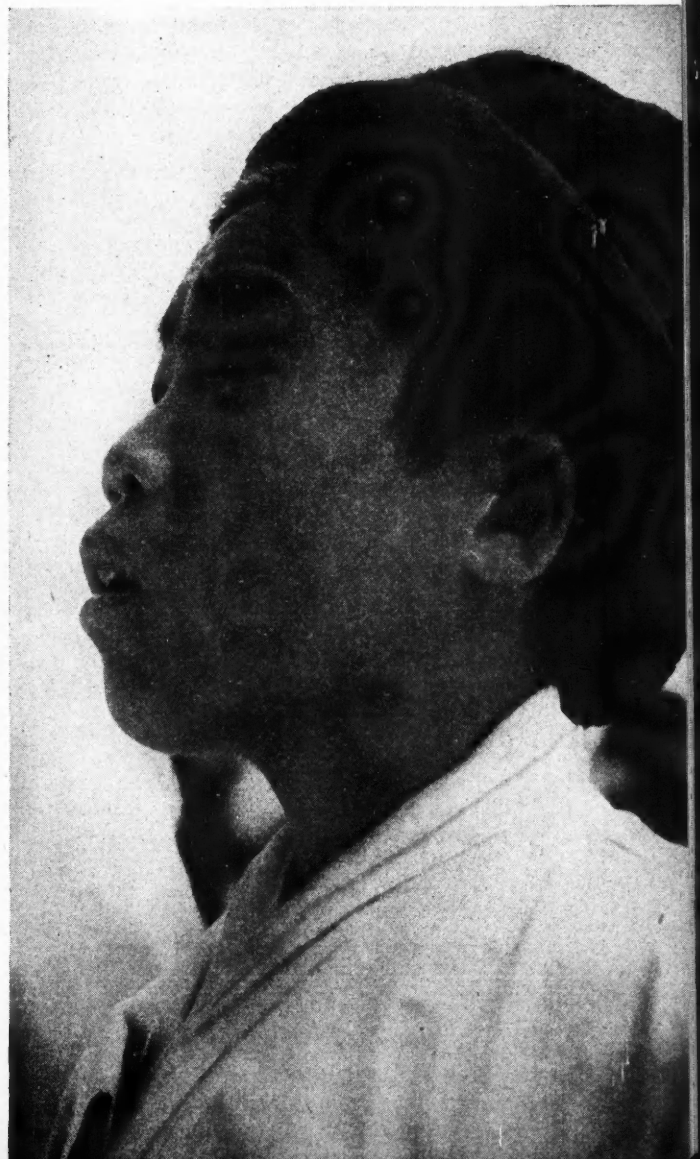
Introduced by Korean nobles, the Catholic Faith spread rapidly. Koreans were ready for it and quick to appreciate it, though their government was not. The government mistook the Church for something foreign, which it was not, for the home of the Catholic Church is the world.

The faithful of Korea have added a glorious chapter to the history of the Church, a chapter written in the red blood of Korean martyrs. Almost within the memory of living men, Korea has given the world magnificent examples of the heroic courage and faith of her martyrs—thousands of them. You need not go back to early Rome to find a Saint Sebastian, a Saint Agnes, a Saint Cecilia or a Saint Tarsicius. You will find them among Korean Christians of the nineteenth cen-

tury:—a Perpetua Kim, of noble blood and nobler faith; a Peter Ryou, fourteen years of age, who could take with a smile every torture his persecutors could devise. The sands of the Han River soaked up the blood the martyrs gladly shed, but their faith lives on in the hearts of their people.

The Church in Korea has not yet come to full flower, but the promise is there. The seed that was sown by Korean nobles has struck deep root. It has been watered by the blood of Korean martyrs. It will burst into full bloom in God's good time—and soon, we hope—to the glory of Korea and the Catholic Church.

The "Our Father" in Korean is much longer than in English.



Environment OF A

By MOST REV. FRANCIS X. FORD

IN THIS world, we take so much for granted without testing. We imagine the rest of mankind act on the same principles as we do, and think along our lines—which, of course, is true to some extent. The missionary, of all men, is faced with exceptions to the general rule and, at times, begins to doubt the value of the axiom he had taken for granted.

We accept without question the statement that the home, and not the school, is the main factor in forming character. We look back over our own life and see that this is so. But, for instance, it does not apply to China—at least not to the China of the millions of present-day youngsters.

To be specific, let us here in South China take a view of the thousands that live close by. Hereabouts, the mother nurses the baby for a year or more; she works in the fields most of the year from dawn to dusk, and either carries the infant strapped to her back or deposits him near-by on the ground. As the child is weaned and begins a life of his own, he is entrusted to the dozens of older children of the village and grows up in the school of hard knocks.

He spends from his sixth year to his twelfth in the village

school. Most of the pupils, and his teacher as well, are his cousins. After class, he romps and roams with the same small mob of boys until darkness calls him home to supper and to bed.

Even this brief contact with home has less of intimacy in it than a Westerner may think. There is little exchange of thought or sharing of experiences between parents and children. The grown-ups have talked all day while toiling in the hear; the children have shouted their lessons, or argued over games with the other boys. So home is just a place to wash, and eat, and sleep. Home life, as we understand it, is unknown and its lack unfelt in the interior of China.

The boy grows up to the higher elementary grades, and his world enlarges. He marches off to a boarding school of his own choice, where for the first time he comes in close contact with other than his village cousins. But boarding schools are poles apart in China and in Western lands; there are no softening influences of any kind to coddle the Chinese boy. He brings his own blanket, wash basin, tiny oil lamp, mosquito netting, and a small suitcase with one change of clothes. These and his textbooks sum up his luxuries for his six years of high school. He washes his

Sturdy perseverance and admirable common sense, results of a Chinese boy's training, are solid foundations for the piety of future priests.



CHINESE BOY

own clothes and cooks his own meals, or joins with other boys in hiring an urchin to cook for the group.

It is a lonely life, monastic in its isolation, simple, Spartan, and a test of sturdy perseverance that Westerners rarely meet. There is nothing morose or morbid in its sternness, and the even tenor of its day has an ample quota of jokes and laughs; in fact, the Chinese student on the whole presents a more uniformly balanced temperament than do students elsewhere. There is nothing restless or sullen or dramatically tragic in his actions—perhaps because he lacks an audience.

During his high-school period, then, the Chinese boy must fend for himself. The good effect of this is that he is not spoiled by petting or indulgence in whims, nor coddled when sick; from boyhood he has learned to make his own decisions.

He chooses his own school, and conducts personally all the financial operations of his life. From boyhood he has relied on his own judgment in outfitting himself and caring for his wardrobe, and he has early learned the lesson that expense in one item must be paid for by economy in another.

The bad effects of such a life are the corresponding weaknesses. He grows aloof from his parents, and lacks mature guidance. The refining influence of motherhood, that has made the knights of Christendom, is never experienced. He has no social contact with his sisters or other girls, and is apt to underestimate their value in his life. He lives apart from the struggle of his farming village with the soil, and is an alien at home on visits.

What the result of such training will be remains to be seen, as this is practically the first generation of Chinese youth to be set apart in such a fashion. But the surprising fact remains that, in spite of jeremiads, the system appears to develop a sturdiness of character that may better fit the coming generation for a transformed world, with its challenge in new problems that comparative peace may bring.

The complete break with the past and its traditional respect for parents and farm life, its aged culture of the arts and architecture and philosophy, may for the moment seem disastrous. It appears certain, however, that the admirable common sense of the Chinese will counterbalance the present tendencies and do much to modify the harm. The ability of the rising generation to stand alone and endure for a purpose, together with the innate firmness of character begot by toiling peasants, will negative the ill effects of a life spent away from home influences.



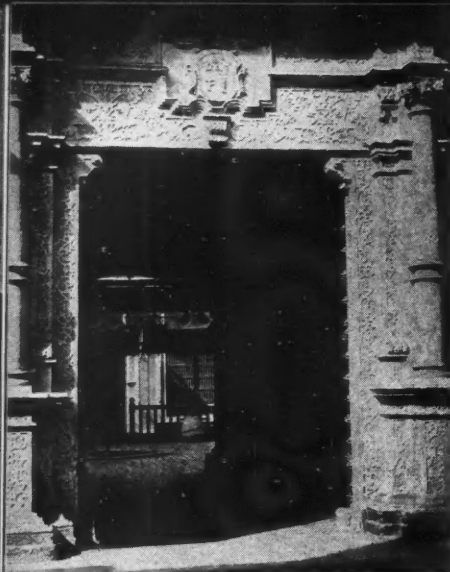
"His is an innate firmness of character, begot by toiling peasants."

MARYKNOLL-IN-CHINA (Continued from page 9)

The Maryknoll mission in Kweilin has given hospitality not alone to Chinese refugees, but also to missionaries of other societies, and even to American aviators, lost after bailing out of their disabled planes.

We thrill at the heroic sacrifices of our soldiers and sailors who march under Old Glory. Our missionaries, too, march—under the banner of the Cross. They are offering their bodies to the same perils that the soldiers meet, while seeking only the victory of Divine Love over the hearts of men. We boast that our soldiers have measured up to the warriors of other lands. There was never any reason to doubt it. The American Catholic homes that could produce the missionaries who have gone abroad for a generation were proof enough that Americans are equal to any sacrifice.

The missions carry on. War, destruction, and fresh beginnings are an old story in the mission annals of an undying and Apostolic Church. What has been said of China is true of other fields—Malaya, Burma, the East Indies, India, and Africa—where American priests, Sisters, and Brothers in goodly numbers tread old trails and blaze new ones in their search for souls.



Old Spanish doorway, Lima



Lake Titicaca boats are of balsa, now widely used for airplane models.

Maryknoll to PERU

OUR Peru-bound Maryknollers are traveling southward this month. They will enter a land of fascinating contrasts, where the grand old buildings of colonial Spain mingle with the rude adobe huts of the Indians and the streamlined edifices of the 20th century. Peru is a storied land, and it is an intensely Catholic land which for generations has suffered the lack of sufficient priests.

The fourth-largest country in South America, Peru has an area of 532,000 square miles. It is almost eleven times as large as New York State, but its population is less than that of New York City.

A desert plain extends along the coast, from north to south, cooled by an ocean current from the Antarctic, and crossed by rivers carrying the melted snows of the Andes. Ancient dead towns of the Incas rise near flourishing industrial cities and among the fertile oases, green with sugar cane and white with cotton.

The *Sierra*, or upland, runs through the heart of the country. The towering Andes rise in the *Sierra* to their loftiest heights — airplane distances of 20,000 feet, far removed from human habitation. Deep valleys cut the mountains, and their rivers flow eastward, tumbling precipitously to the headwaters of the mighty Amazon. Here is found the great mineral wealth which has played such a prominent role in the history of the nation. The *Sierra* is the region where the Incas ruled, and even today it is the home

of two thirds of the population. It is to this region that most of the Maryknollers will be assigned.

The third region, the *Montana*, has a misleading name. Lying east of the *Sierra*, it is mainly jungle land, abounding in rubber, mahogany, and ebony trees. Though some sugar and tobacco plantations have been started there, the *Montana* is so isolated that it is still very sparsely settled.

Thousands of years ago, the Yungas, the oldest known people of our hemisphere, ruled Peru. A succession of Indian civilizations produced mighty builders and skilled artisans. The last of the line, and the most famous, were the Incas, or the "Children of the Sun"; they were conquerors who came down from Lake Titicaca, on the confines of Bolivia.

In 1531, when Francisco Pizarro and his 200 Spanish followers accomplished the military feat of vanquishing with a small regiment a nation of perhaps 14,000,000 persons, the civilization of the Incas was already on the decline. It is useless to enter here into the details of the conquest, but one vital fact cannot be overlooked. With the *conquistadores* came the Spanish missionaries, and in a remarkably short time they, too, had conquered Peru and, from Peru, a continent—for Christ.

The Dominicans were the first missionaries of Peru. They did heroic work in Christianizing the Indians. Franciscans, Augustinians, and Jesuits also were among the pioneer apostles of the country. The Jesuits founded a training



Cuzco was once capital of the Inca Empire.

Peru, fabulous treasure-trove of the Incas, rich in story and varied beauty, is poor in priests for its intensely Catholic people.

school for missionaries on the shores of Lake Titicaca, and they brought the first printing press to South America. In 1769 a decree of Charles III ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from the Spanish domains.

For nearly three centuries, Peru was ruled by Spanish Viceroy, residing in Lima. The movement for emancipation began early in the nineteenth century, but it was not until July 28, 1921, that independence was finally achieved. The Republic recognizes the Roman Catholic as the official Church of the country.

Modern Peru is progressive, but still suffers from lack of adequate transportation facilities. The Government is establishing a social-security system, though many Peruvian families are extremely poor. This is one of the main reasons for the dearth of native vocations; parents urge their sons toward gainful occupations. Two apostolic young Catholic women of Lima—Dora Vigors de Lavalle, and Maria Santollalla Bernal—have recently, with the approbation of the Holy See, inaugurated a widespread movement to promote vocations to the priesthood by prayer and financial coöperation.

A few Maryknollers, veterans of South China, will work among the Chinese in Lima, the beautiful "City of the Kings." Father Garcia, S.J., has been chaplain to the Chinese immigrants, who come mostly from the Canton sector or the Hakka region of Kwangtung. Father Garcia has been assisted by some representative lay persons, including the

Chinese Ambassador, and by some zealous Peruvian ladies who direct two schools for Chinese children. There are reported to be 10,000 Chinese in Peru, all resident in Lima and a few coastal towns.

The city of Lima was, for almost three centuries, the governmental, cultural, and social center of South America. Its population of 400,000 includes many of the old Spanish families of *conquistadores*, merchants, governors, and scholars. Narrow streets, overhung with latticed balconies, ancient convents and churches, and stately palaces, convey to the modern visitor the atmosphere of the famous *Ciudad de Los Reyes*. Mountains three miles high form a majestic backdrop, and westward gleams the sea.

Isabel de Flores, the first fruits of American sanctity, Saint Rose, the first canonized saint of the New World, was born in Lima. Her story is a romance of piety; her tomb, a shrine of devotion. Blessed Martin de Porres, who may soon become the first American Negro saint, was a contemporary of Saint Rose. In the sixteenth century, Lima harbored also the Archbishop Saint Turibius, tireless apostle of the Indians, and Saint Francis Solano, who journeyed from Peru to the Paraguayan Chaco, preaching in their own dialects to Indian tribes. Lima is a soil for saints.

The Maryknollers assigned to the *Sierra* region will labor near Lake Titicaca, the highest navigable lake in the world. This will be a mission for the stout of heart and the strong of lung.

In this hill country, among a simple people whose hearts are attuned to the rhythm of Lake Titicaca's ever-changing beauty, our Maryknollers will find themselves in surroundings not unlike the earthly habitation of the Savior. May they attract this South American fisherfolk by the warmth of a charity kindled at the Sacred Heart of the Divine Searcher for souls.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

*I thank Thee, Lord, for suffering;
I give Thee thanks for pain.
For those who share Thy passion here
In heav'n shall share Thy reign,
And only those shall taste Thy joys
Who learn Thy Cup to drain.*

*Though worldlings look on suffering
As evil, noxious, vain,
Faith sees it as the seal of love
Which Thou dost ever deign
To place upon Thy favored ones.
I thank Thee, Lord, for pain.*

—M. A. C., China

Two Marines IN THE

Times such as the present test the mettle of men and nations. War has revealed in our American youth a cheerful heroism and generous daring, rooted in a deep yearning for the things that pertain to God.

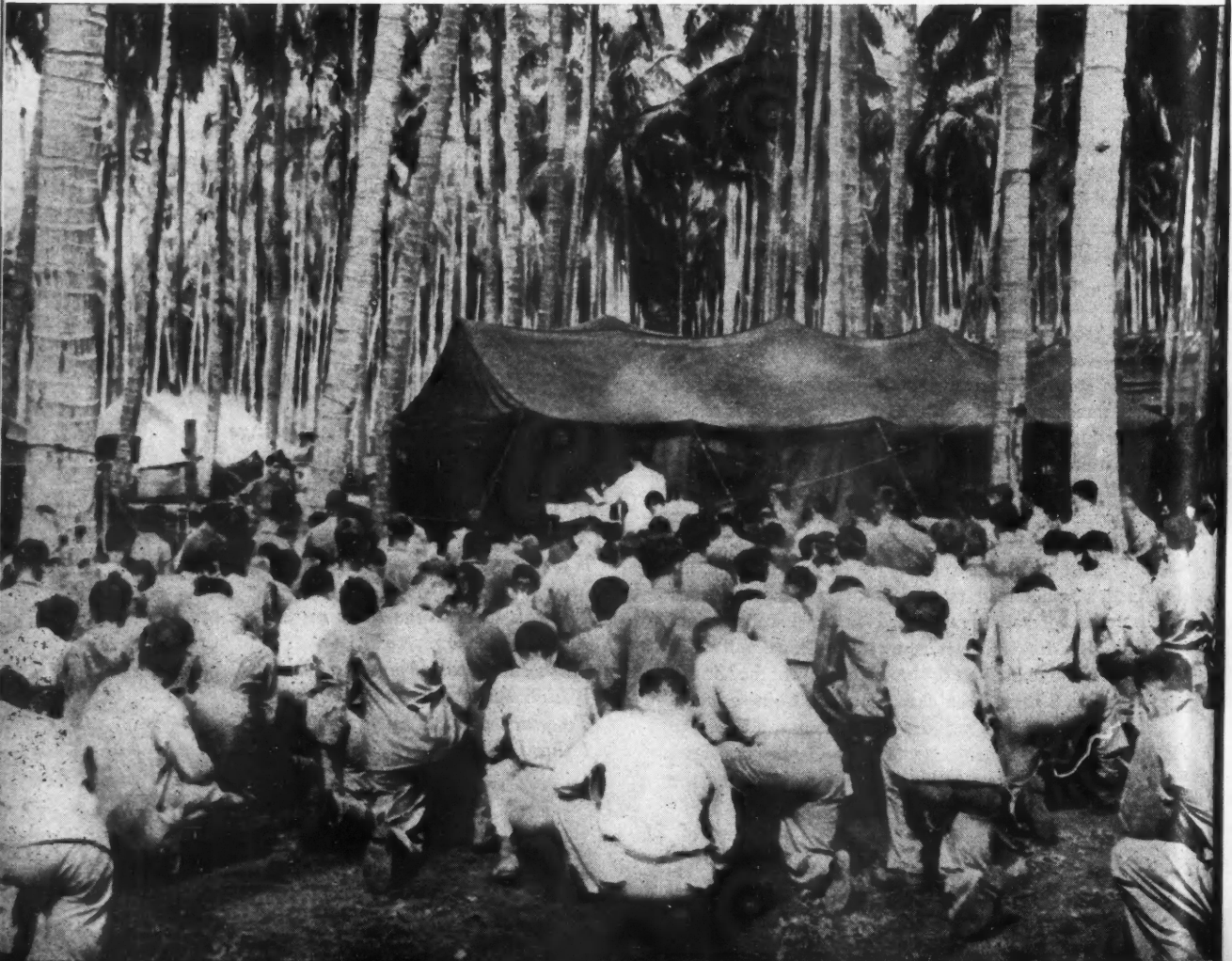
NEAR THE EDGE of the rough airfield captured from the enemy at Guadalcanal, two marines stood guard. Steaming moisture, the result of the previous night's drenching downpour, rose from the feathery coconut palms behind them. Here and there in the vivid foliage, blue, red, and orange streaks marked the swift flight of chattering parakeets and macaws. For a moment the undergrowth parted to reveal

a short, thickset native, wearing only a loincloth. His shock of hair, six inches long, stood up straight like a glorified feather duster. He vanished instantly, dubious perhaps of the Americans' intentions.

The younger of the marines viewed with distaste the slow progress of a coconut crab through the sandy soil.

"Gosh, what a place these Solomons are!" he growled. "Bats, centipedes, snakes, cannibals, and what have you. The only thing lacking at the moment is that weird Japanese battle chant. You know what I mean. The one, high, screeching note when they attack; it gets louder as it comes closer, until it nearly splits your eardrums. Beats me, Joe, how these missionaries can stick it out for a lifetime in God-forsaken spots like this. Just had a letter today from a Maryknoll priest on his way to some spot in the Bolivian jungles.

Surrounded by army tents and coconut palms, marines of Guadalcanal kneel on the sand during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.



SOLOMONS

Former schoolmate of mine, the grandest sort of chap."

The other man nodded, looking out to where a Flying Fortress was soaring from the runway. Then he countered with a question.

"All the same, Paul," he queried, "would you have missed this show for anything in the world? I had a letter, too, from my wife. How do you like this photo of our son?"

The clear, direct gaze of a five-year-old boy looked from the picture; a sturdy, fearless child, unconscious of the world and trouble, because cared for by his parents' love.

"I'm missing a lot of the fun I expected to have growing up again with Bobbie," said Joe. "Just in case I don't get back, I'm going to give the kid the thrill of a letter in his own name. Probably I shan't be able to tell him all I want, but it amounts to this: 'Be a good Catholic, and you can't help being a good American.'"

The two men fell silent. The father was thinking of a hope, shared by his wife, that their little one might some day become a priest; Paul was puzzling anew over a personal problem he had not shared even with Joe.

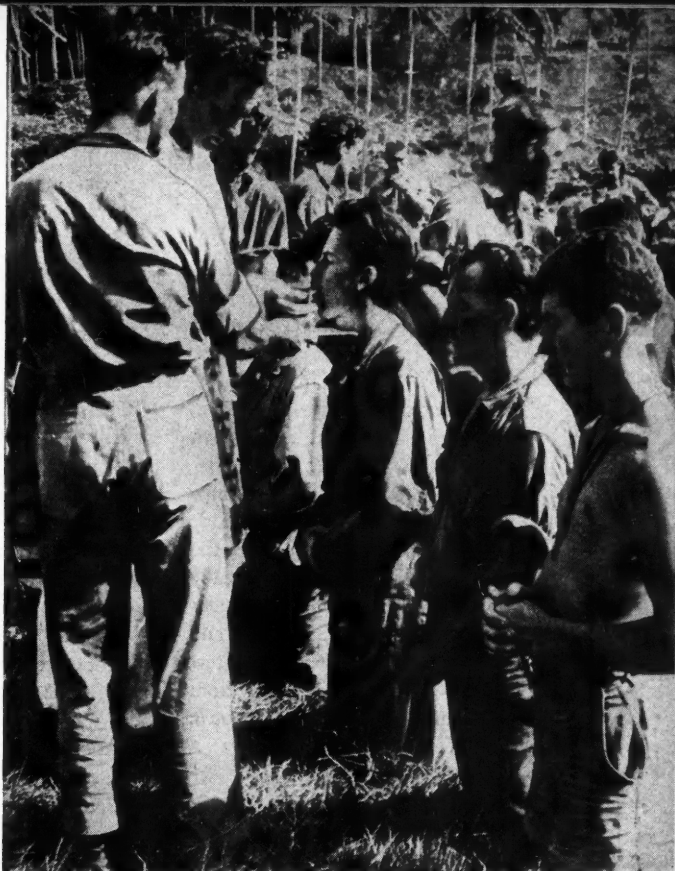
As early as grammar-school days, he had felt a call to the priesthood; and later he had actually entered the preparatory seminary. There all had gone well until he began to be haunted by a constantly recurring dream. Running eagerly on a long road, he would come to a blank wall. He knew that what he wanted lay beyond, but, search as he might, he could never find the gate. Even in plain daylight, he would suddenly seem to see that wall. He concluded that the priesthood was not his vocation, and left the seminary. The strangest part of it all was that his departure did not put an end to the vision.

A muffled explosion far up in the blue broke suddenly into their thoughts. A Japanese Zero, trailing white smoke across the shimmering sky, plummeted to a jungle grave. The Grumman responsible for its death zoomed down over the field a few moments later. The American ace had clambered from the cockpit and was lighting a cigarette, when Paul, uttering a shout, took rapid aim at something green on a palm tree swaying where there was no wind.

Simultaneously, a bullet knocked the cigarette from the pilot's hand, and the green object, detaching itself from the tree trunk, fell heavily to the ground. Paul, closely followed by Joe, hurried toward it.

"Careful, Paul," the older marine panted, "those snipers play possum as often as not."

But the stocky little man in the green trousers was really dead. Even his nude torso, his muscular arms, and his very



No shortage of soldier altar "boys" exists at Guadalcanal.

face had been daubed with green paint. Grotesque, and somehow pathetic, he sprawled beside his still-smoking gun.

"We'll get his papers," Paul said, "there may be something of use in them for our side."

They found a small notebook, out of which a picture fell. A slant-eyed Japanese baby, funny and dear, and around its chubby neck the image of some horrible, leering pagan god.

The marines interchanged a look wiped clean of all hatred for the slain enemy and pregnant with mutual understanding. Joe stooped to place the little snapshot in one of the still, outstretched hands; but Paul remained motionless, looking away to where coral reef mingled with tropic sea in hues of incredible splendor.

Far out in the blue expanse rose the wall, and for the first time he rejoiced to see it, for now the gate stood open! Beyond it, as far as his longing glance could reach, fields white for the harvest rippled and curved in heartbreaking beauty.

Paul drew a deep breath. "So it was the missions, all the time," he told himself exultantly, "and I had to come to the Solomons to find it out!"

** An actual quotation from the famous letter of Commander John J. Shea, of the U. S. S. Wasp. Many newspapers failed to publish this line.*

Among Our Letters

Maryknoll likes to share the joys, hopes, and anxieties of its many friends. Their interest spurs us on in the work for God and souls. We pray daily that the Giver of all Gifts may reward, as only He can, their exceeding generosity.

An Army nurse

"Please note the change of address, as I enjoy your magazine and like to get it as soon as possible.

"I am an Army nurse, overseas now eight months. We have no Catholic chaplain in our unit, but we recite the Rosary every night. There is usually a good attendance, which includes patients, enlisted men, doctors, and nurses. I shall try to enclose a few dollars for your mission work from time to time."—*Somewhere Overseas.*

To the boys in Australia

"Can you tell me if it is possible to send a subscription of *The Field Afar* to the boys in Australia? In one issue of the magazine, my mother noticed a picture of boys attending Mass in Australia. My brother happened to be one of the boys. You can imagine how happy we were to see this. We are anxious to have him receive your Maryknoll magazine."—*East Walpole, Mass.*

Can you explain it?

"It was good to know that though Father Cairns is still interned, he is safe and sound. Do you think it strange that I have taken a special interest in Father Cairns? I don't know why it is, but ever since we learned of his disappearance we have prayed for him in the classroom, and on through the summer. A number of Maryknoll names and faces are becoming familiar, and I feel as though I know them. Can you explain it? Perhaps it is because Maryknoll has a touch of the "human", and so much more of the "divine"; and the divine is given the uppermost thought always."—*Lafayette, Ind.*

Has to hide it

"There are forty senior Sisters here, most of them Golden Jubilarians, and we all love to read. When my copy of the Maryknoll magazine arrives, I have to hide it under the mattress to keep those Golden Jubilarians from taking it!"—*St. Paul, Minn.*

Who knows?

"I got quite a thrill out of purchasing these four 25¢ war stamps, knowing that I was helping to a limited extent Maryknoll's all-out "war" effort, while at the same time I was also making a small contribution to our country's welfare. Who knows? Maybe I'll be able to purchase a bond for Maryknoll this way!"—*Richmond Hill, N. Y.*

She passes it on

"Each month I look forward to receiving my copy of *The Field Afar* with such enthusiasm that I am seldom relaxed before finishing it. After I read it, I carry it to my physician's office and leave it in the waiting room for the public to enjoy, and at the same time it gives them the privilege of reading about the good work carried around the world by our Catholic missionaries. I sincerely hope that some day I shall be able to multiply this small monthly assistance, but at present I will strive to keep this up."—*Hyannis, Mass.*

Not yet a member

"No dollar which I spend or give during the month gives me as much pleasure as the one I send each month to Maryknoll. I wish it could be more. This is particularly true because of the three happy years I spent in North China as a representative of the Standard Oil Co. As a matter of fact, my

first introduction to Catholicism arose from the hospitality extended to me on occasions by the missionaries in out-of-the-way places. I am not yet a member of your Church but am taking instructions and hope soon to possess that "gift of Faith" which will enable me to become a loyal and devout Catholic. Would it be asking too much for you to say a personal prayer for me to help expedite my conversion? Your appreciative Maryknoller."—*St. Louis, Mo.*

By comparison

"In thanksgiving for the recovery of my dear sister who was badly injured in an accident, I wish to contribute monthly towards the support of a missionary. When my sister's sufferings seemed more than she could bear, she thought of what our Catholic missionaries in the war zones have to endure, and offered her pain for their intentions. . . . May I also ask a remembrance of my niece, Second Lieutenant ——— who is in service as an Army nurse in Northern Ireland?"—*Essex Falls, N. J.*

A Baltimore secretary

"I feel that if the priests and nuns are giving their lives for God, it is an honor and privilege for us at home to help them, no matter how small an amount we can give. I have a bank here at the office, in which I am going to save my 'Maryknoll' money."—*Baltimore, Md.*

Delighted to have you

"Maryknoll is my favorite mission, and, as for *The Field Afar*, its simple display of genuine charity and love of God and humanity makes me feel proud to have even a small part in your organization."—*Schenectady, N.Y.*

THE SISTERS HELP HAWAII

THE FIRST Maryknoll Sisters to travel missionward since the outbreak of war arrived in Hawaii early in November. The details of their sailing arrangements were unknown to even their superiors until a few hours before they embarked. Keeping a departure a secret was for Maryknoll Sisters a new experience. At Maryknoll a departure is not a sad farewell. It is a joyous occasion on which one more group achieves the goal coveted by every Maryknoller.

Assignments, when announced by Mother Mary Joseph, are greeted with applause such as might befit the news of a world peace. An air of jubilation pervades the ceremony of departure, held in the Motherhouse chapel. The actual sailing from the Pacific Coast has always been a gala occasion.

Embarkation, this time, was effected as quickly and as quietly as possible. Prayers, more frequent and more fervent than usual, offered both here and in Hawaii, followed the Sisters to their destination.

It was at the urgent request of Bishop Sweeney that these assignments were made. Despite the evacuation of large numbers of their former pupils to the mainland, there has been this year a marked increase over the previous enrollment of twenty-five hundred students in the six schools conducted by the Maryknoll Sisters in Hawaii. There is also need of additional Sisters for catechetical and social-service work. Eight Sisters were, therefore, recently assigned to the Hawaiian Islands. Six have already arrived:

Sister M. Loyola Vollet, of St. Louis.

Sister M. Ann Francis McCoy, of Philadelphia.

Sister Alice Marie Goularte, of San Juan Bautista, Calif.

Sister M. Modesta Ell, of Newark.

Sister Rose Gerald Healy, of Buffalo.

Sister M. Dorothy Therese McDonald, of New York City.

Two others will follow shortly: Sister Joseph Marie Kane, of St. Louis, and Sister Rose Olive Skahan, of Belmont, Mass.

War permeates every phase of life in Hawaii. A perpetual blackout prevails. Everyone, even the tiniest tot, must carry a gas mask at all times. The Sisters report that there conditions have sobered the thought and the feelings of the people. The teaching of religion has become much easier. Many adults, long interested in the Church, now find time in the evenings to study the Catholic doctrine.

In one place, where there is no Catholic center for service men, the orphanage conducted by our Sisters has become a sort of U. S. O. The story is best told by quoting from an



Early in November six more Maryknoll Sisters arrived in Hawaii.

Army chaplain's letter: "Because of censorship," he writes, "I can't name islands specifically—but on one of the Hawaiian Islands on which I was formerly stationed, I had occasion to see the great work the Maryknoll Sisters are doing for the Armed Forces in addition to their usual tasks of running a girls' school and a children's home.

"Every Sunday morning, a number of soldiers and sailors attend Mass at the church, then go to the Sisters, who give breakfast to all the men who have received Holy Communion. They usually have about a hundred and fifty every Sunday.

"Then, too, during the week many of the men 'on pass' make it a practice to drop in at the Home, play with the children, and have a chat with the Sisters.

"I can't properly express our gratitude for the kindness and charity shown by the superiors. And that goes for all of us—from the Commanding General and my own Colonel (both of whom are frequent visitors) to the lowest yard-bird in the outfit."

"We hold it a great privilege and joy," wrote Mother Mary Joseph in reply, "to do anything we can at any place for the valiant men in our country's service. You may be sure that our Sisters find very great pleasure in providing the taste of home cooking and home spirit, and also that from the splendid morale of these men in uniform they draw many fine lessons to pass on to their pupils."

Thus there is a beautiful giving and receiving, as our Sisters help in Hawaii to play host to the Army and Navy.

Sponsors at home
Missioners in the field
ARE YOU AN ALLY?

Why not sponsor a Maryknoll Sister?

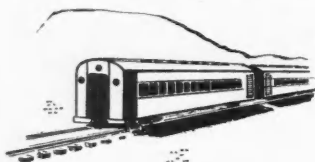
One dollar supports a Sister one day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

All Aboard!

HERE IS A WAY TO HELP THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS ABOARD

ALL aboard! They're on their way—Maryknollers 100 strong. Somewhere, somehow, we must find \$500 to pay for the fare and equipment of each. All aboard! But first, some



simple arithmetic. 100 missionaries X \$500 each = \$50,000. Simple? Well perhaps!

All aboard! By boat, train, horse, foot, they go—to many parts of Latin America—carrying with them the spirit of Christ and His apostles. All aboard! 100 priests of Maryknoll are on their way to the remotest jungles, mountains, and plains of Central and South America.

The majority of these men are not new to foreign fields. They served in Manchukuo, Korea, and Japan, until war forced them to come home and leave behind their



150 brother Maryknollers who are still in South China. Now they begin work anew in lands far different from those of the Orient. Now the frigid Manchukuoan plains will yield to steaming jungles; the mild Japanese climate will give place to frozen mountain wastes. This is what a distinguished New York daily, *The New York Times*, said recently in reporting the new fields:

"By llama and native reed boats, some Maryknollers will make their way into jungle wildernesses to work among primitive Indian tribes. Some

of the men will join twenty other priests already working in the tropical regions of Bolivia and many, to reach their destinations, will have to travel continuously on foot for two months, through jungles and over the lofty Cordilleras. Some will set up American schools on the shores of Lake Titicaca, 12,000 feet above the sea level in Peru."

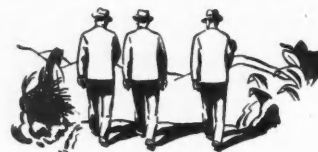
That, in part, was what *The Times* said. Other paragraphs told of the many new people who will become part of the flocks of these 100 Maryknollers. There will be the fierce Araucanian Indians, who fought



both the Incas and the *Conquistadores* over 300 years of proud independence and who only made peace with the Chilean Government a few years ago. There will be Chileans, strong in faith; thousands of Chinese in Peru, now shepherdless; Indians in the Beni province, ignorant of Christ; Bolivians, Ecuadorians, Peruvians, natives of Central America. A great flock, all needing the saving message the priest alone can bring them.

All aboard! From Maryknoll to New Orleans, down through Mexico

to Guayaquil, gateway to the progressive Ecuadorian Republic. Some will have already left the group to remain behind at their new posts, others will take up residence at Lima, old and historic home of the great San Marco University, founded long before Harvard; at Puno, city in the clouds, in the wildest part of Peru, bordering the highest lake



in the world; at La Serena, focal point of much of Chile's Catholic Action; at Talca, scene but a few years ago of one of the continent's greatest earthquakes, where the ground rocked, churches crumbled, and thousands died; at Temuco, fringing the primitive lake regions of southern Chile.

All aboard! This is the route, and the scene of labor, for our latest group of Maryknollers—100 of them—the greatest band in our history, and yet a serious responsibility, too. We must get them to their posts, and to do this we must depend on our friends—on *you*. Won't you help them to reach their people? They give their lives to serve Christ and help the world. Won't you pay the fare, or part of the fare of one of them? They are packed, ready to be off. It is up to *you* to enable them to meet the call—All aboard!

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• *The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.*

• *Dear Maryknoll Fathers:*

• I am interested in helping to send your latest group of missionaries to the fields
• afar. I am happy to enclose \$..... toward the \$500 needed for each of them.

• My Name

• My Address

Maryknoll Want Ads

LESSON IN ARITHMETIC If 100 priests are leaving for South America, and the passage and equipment for each is \$500, how much money will Maryknoll have to raise to transport all their missionaries? Any contribution you can make will be most welcome.

ONE GOOD WAY of drawing down heaven's blessings through gratitude is to provide for a student's room at Maryknoll. \$500 covers the entire amount, and it can be paid in small installments over a period of time. Or, perhaps, you wish to pay for a small part of the room.

I HAVE COMPASSION on the multitude . . . lest they faint on the way . . . some of them have come from a distance." Thousands in the rice lines of South China today have come from a distance; they faint on the way; they need compassion. Your contribution will multiply rice just as surely as Our Lord multiplied the loaves and fishes. \$25 will keep 5 people from starvation for a month.

RUBBER SHORTAGE even in Central America! Three pioneer Maryknoll missionaries in this region need horses to cover their mission territory. And \$300 will buy those three horses. Care to invest?

THEY DON'T WANT PITY—those lepers of Father Sweeney. They even went without food an entire day that starving refugees might eat. It costs Father Sweeney \$2,000 a month to run his leprosarium. Will you help?

LET'S MAKE A COMPARISON! If you were to approach the altar rail to receive Holy Communion and the altar boy, not being aware of your presence, failed to notify the priest, what would happen? Nothing. Our Lord, in all probability, would not interfere. His desire, and yours, for union would be frustrated—on that occasion, at least. Thousands in the Orient today are groping for the Light. Our Lord wants to come to them. You perhaps don't see them waiting. What happens? Nothing. Again, Our Lord does not interfere. Whose responsibility will it be if those souls are lost? \$150 a year will enable a catechist to teach them in your name.



"You'd cry too," says this little fellow, "if you could see what a hard time Maryknollers in South China have feeding all the refugees." \$5 will feed one for a month.

ISN'T IT AWFUL! Last year 800,000 pagans asked to enter the Church, but only 100,000 could be admitted—not enough catechists to instruct them. Today, while that number is mounting steadily through contacts with refugees, catechists are being dismissed for lack of funds. 15 persons giving \$10 each, would provide one more catechist.

HERE'S A MATCHING GAME! Select your favorite new mission and present it with one of the articles needed for divine worship mentioned below. This will make you a charter member in your chosen mission field.

WANTED: A PIED PIPER for orphans in China. Many thousands of children have been left orphaned and homeless by this war. \$5 will support one of our Maryknoll orphans in South China for a month.

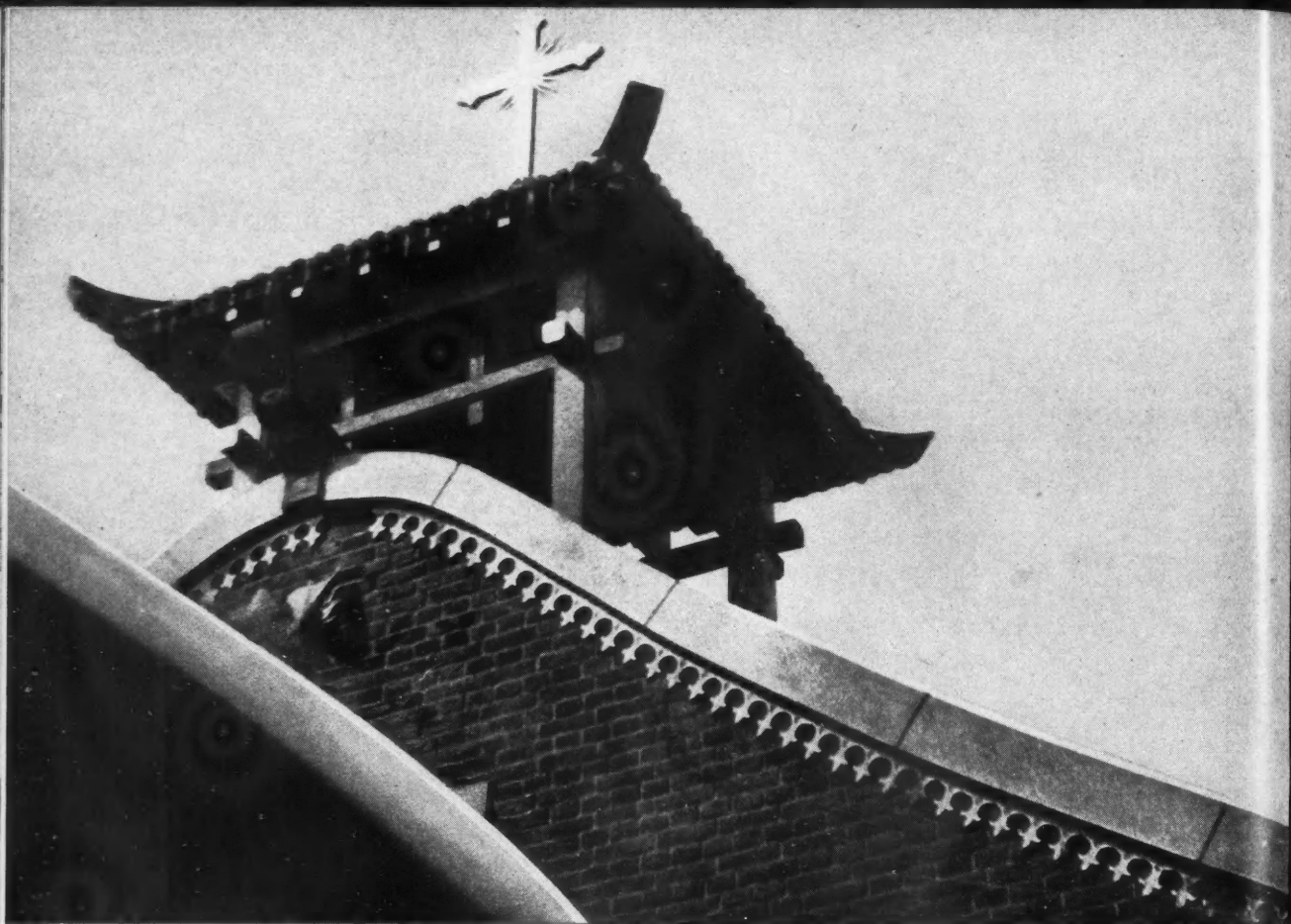
Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds and "lick the enemy"! Then send them to Maryknoll for mission work, and "lick the souls' enemy"!

We cable funds weekly to our missionaries in South China. Make out and address checks to *The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.*

Latin American Want Ads

There are 9 new missions and each mission needs these items:

| | | | | | |
|------------------------------|----------|--|---------|--|---------|
| Monstrance | \$100.00 | 1 set altar cards | \$10.00 | 1 year's supply hosts and altar wine | \$30.00 |
| Ciborium | 60.00 | 1 set Mass cruets | 2.00 | 1 year's supply candles | 20.00 |
| 1 set of vestments | 15.00 | 1 wooden altar | 100.00 | Stations of the Cross | 40.00 |
| 1 missal | 10.00 | 1 year's supply charcoal and incense | 15.00 | Sanctuary Lamp for 1 year | 25.00 |
| 1 linen alb | 15.00 | | | | |



THE CROSS

ATOP THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

is a glowing light in the darkness of a Chinese refugee's distress. It means food, shelter, and someone who is interested in his body and soul.

In Maryknoll fields of China, our missionaries have no less than 919 churches and chapels, but more young American apostles are needed in China to lead wanderers to their Father's Home.

If this means something to you, write: The Vocational Director, Maryknoll P. O., New York.

